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No Deal With Japan

by Michael Straight

Lewis Loses the CIO . . . . . *Michael Klein*

The President Settles the Strike . . . *Editorial*

Britain and the Western Front . *H. N. Brailsford*

The Attack in Africa . . . . . *Editorial*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Into Dutch Guiana

It is good news that American troops have been sent to Dutch Guiana; it would have been better news still if it had been done months and months ago. The official reason is that we need to protect supplies of bauxite, at present the chief raw material for aluminum; but there are other arguments equally important. Directly east of the Dutch territory lies French Guiana, where the Nazis are now active, as they are in every scrap of Vichy-controlled territory throughout the world. Only a few miles to the northwest is Martinique, where the same conditions prevail. It is not far from Dutch Guiana to Dakar in Africa, a port that is coming to occupy a key position in American defensive thinking.

American troops have been landed in Dutch Guiana with the full consent of the Netherlands Government in Exile and of Brazil, the neighbor on the south. The action is in accord with the Monroe policy, the good-neighbor policy, hemisphere defense and common sense. It will make more difficult Hitler's plans to seize South America, which he undoubtedly intends to do at the first moment it is possible. The conclusive proof of this is the fact that he says he doesn't.

Not an 'R' Month?

The nations opposing Japan's "new order" in the Pacific have become known as the ABCDR powers—America, Britain, China, Dutch East Indies and Russia. Twice within the past week Secretary Hull has conferred with British, Chinese and Dutch diplomats on the progress of his talks with Japan's Kurusu. If the Russians were consulted, no word reached the press. Possibly there is a good explanation, but on the face of it the omission of Russia looks strange. Isn't this an "R" month?

Nation Indivisible

With a firm hand the Supreme Court applied a greatly needed dose of antiseptic to the rash of recent laws curtailing the right of American citizens to move freely from state to state. The unanimous decision, rendered in California's "Okie" case, held unconstitutional the anti-migrant law under which that state refused to permit a jobless man to cross its borders. Twenty-seven other states have attempted to meet the difficult problem of poverty-stricken migrants by a similar effort to string fences around their boundaries. No worse way of meeting it could be imagined. "Prosperity and salvation are in union and not division," said Mr. Justice Byrnes, quoting Cardozo. New York's problem is California's and Oklahoma's is a matter of responsibility for both of them. That was the principle on which the nation was founded and is the only one on which it can prosper.

Relations with Mexico

The report is welcome that George S. Messersmith, now our ambassador to Cuba, may be our next ambassador to Mexico. Mr. Messersmith is an able diplomat and would be a worthy successor to Josephus Daniels, who resigned the Mexico City post last month after rendering services of the first order. Mr. Daniels' patience, tact and sympathy for the Mexican people played a considerable part in establishing the atmosphere out of which came the Washington-Mexico City

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agreements announced last week. The agreements, covering fair and practical methods of solving such long standing problems as currency stabilization, agrarian claims and oil-land expropriations, ought to meet general approval on both sides of the border. American oil companies will be ill advised if they try to stand in the way.

On Our Side of the Border

Speaking of Mexico reminds us that one thing we could do to cement relations with Spanish America would be to treat with a little more courtesy and justice the many thousands of Mexicans now resident in the United States, who are often shamefully exploited.

Carey McWilliams, Commissioner of Immigration and Housing for the State of California, has made this suggestion in a letter to Nelson Rockefeller, Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs. He suggests that an advisory board be created composed of prominent California educators, social workers, lawyers, public officials and representatives of organized labor to undertake: (1) a general study of ways and means of improving the economic and social position of the resident Mexican population; (2) a program to encourage long-resident Mexicans who desire to become American citizens; (3) public lectures to familiarize Americans with Mexican history and culture; (4) local conferences to consider such issues as public health, housing and recreational and educational facilities as they affect the Mexican population; (5) a study of various state and federal bills pending, and likely to be introduced, aimed at these people; and (6) an over-all report to be printed and widely distributed as a part of the national-defense program. It sounds pretty sensible to us.

Schappes

Some time ago the New York State Legislature passed a law forbidding members of the Communist Party to hold positions on any state payroll. It also set up a committee to investigate radicalism in state-supported educational institutions. This committee gave its attention mostly to the situation in several colleges in New York City. As a result, a number of men have been dismissed from the teaching staffs of these institutions. They were charged, not with violating the law just mentioned, but with conduct unbecoming to a college instructor. One of them, Morris U. Schappes, was also tried in court for "first-degree perjury" and sentenced to one and a half to two years in prison. He admitted he was a Communist but denied that he knew any other Communists among present members of the staff of City College, although the court and the jury believed that he probably knew about fifty.

There seems to us no doubt that Mr. Schappes committed perjury. Presumably he did so trying to save some fellow members of the teaching staff from the dismissal that was inevitable for himself. To a layman, however (perhaps not to a lawyer), it seems equally apparent that the sentence of one and a half to two years in prison is severe. He has already lost his job and seen his career ruined, since there is small likelihood that any other institution will give him a place. There is grave question of the fairness of the trial itself. A Schappes Defense Committee has been formed which is attempting to appeal the case to a higher court. It is badly in need of funds; its address is 114 East Sixteenth Street, New York City. We assume that this committee is dominated by Communists, and we are as completely out of patience with these brethren as are most Americans; but we feel it is important that Schappes should have another day in court. Any kind of government can be fair to its friends; but only a democracy tries to be fair to its enemies. And we have not been fair to Mr. Schappes.

Partnership or Constitution

That no "partnership of democratic nations" followed the last war was a tragedy, as Undersecretary Welles said in his recent speech. But did the tragedy lie precisely in the repudiation by the American people of Woodrow Wilson's leadership, as Mr. Welles suggested? An important qualification needs to be made to that idea, which is being voiced so often now. The American people, like the men and women of the whole world, wanted a new spirit in the relations between nations, which would make another world war impossible. They had small idea of just what kind of international arrangement could express that spirit in practical terms.

The American people were presented with a world "constitution" with no foundation in economics, a purely political document of the kind Wilson all his life had loved to contrive and tie tightly to a plainly unworkable peace treaty. They could not believe in it. It is misleading merely to bemoan that fact now. It is necessary to remember that no other outcome of Wilsonian idealism, inspiring as that was in certain ways, was possible. No one wants to reopen old wounds. Everyone wants to avoid the mistakes of last time. To do so, we must keep the facts of last time straight in our minds.

Caballero

Our State Department, it is understood, is in large measure responsible for Vichy's refusal to turn Largo Caballero over to the Franco regime, which would almost certainly have executed the former Republican Premier in short order. For the moment, thanks to American pressure, Caballero is safe. But his safety is tentative so long as he is held in an area over which the shadow of the Axis is deepening. The next step, plainly, is to find means to bring Caballero to the Western Hemisphere and, specifically, to Mexico, which would give him a warm welcome.

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Shinwell v. His Majesty's Government

The cabled reports of British parliamentary debates are rarely able to tell the American newspaper reader how stormy the sessions of the House of Commons can become. Some of the present give-and-take between the Labor M. P., Emanuel Shinwell, and Mr. Churchill deserves to be read verbatim. Shinwell has emerged as the government's most bitter critic, and with Russia's entry into the war his duels with government spokesmen have become a regular feature. On November 13 he declared flatly that the existing government policy was incapable of framing a victorious effort, complained about muddled production policies and doubted Lord Moyne's contention that an invasion of western Europe would be "suicidal." He laid blame for government failings not on Mr. Churchill but upon government followers who failed to share Mr. Churchill's grasp of larger issues.

His criticism is interestingly reflected in a recent poll made by the British Institute of Public Opinion. The Institute found that only 29 percent of those polled believed that Britain was fully exploiting the German attack on Russia. Forty-nine percent said no, with 22 percent undecided. As to the government's general conduct of the war, the satisfied, dissatisfied and undecided ran to percentages of 44, 38 and 18, respectively. But, like Mr. Shinwell, the public exonerated Mr. Churchill by giving him an 84-percent vote of confidence.

The Army and Public Health

About a million young Americans have been rejected for the army on grounds of physical unfitness—roughly 50 percent of those examined. General Hershey has rightly said, "We are physically in a condition of which we should nationally be ashamed," and the President has followed that up with the announcement of a plan for salvaging thousands of the rejectees. Unfortunately, so far as is known, no plan has been put into effect. There ought to be an end to the delay, and the facilities of the United States Public Health Service should be enlisted.

A rehabilitation program under the direction of the efficient Surgeon General's office, or at least with its coöperation, would not only restore the health of thousands of rejectees but might also be a step toward that broad public-health program which is still one of the nation's main pieces of "unfinished business."

The Institute Strikes Its Flag

The Institute for Propaganda Analysis has decided to shut up shop for the duration of the war, and no doubt our isolationist friends will draw a grim conclusion from that fact, arguing that when the nation is being regimented spiritually, no one is allowed to analyze the tricks that are being played, and so on. We believe, however, that the suspension is for other reasons. It may even be that the Institute has already run through the period of its greatest usefulness; that by now, Americans in general have "got the idea."

When the social history of our times comes to be written, the Institute for Propaganda Analysis may be registered as having played a greater part than most people realize. It caught the post-war generation of young people when they were in a mood of disillusionment and cynicism and to a certain extent it proceeded to justify that mood. Hundreds of thousands of young people in schools and colleges, and many more of all ages who were independent subscribers to its services, got the notion that everything you read, especially in the newspapers, is propaganda, that nobody can be trusted, that truth is so concealed that one might about as well give up the effort to find it. Such a philosophy fitted in well with the general mood of disillusion and cynicism. It would be easy to exaggerate both the extent of that disillusionment and the part the Institute played in it; but both of them had some importance. In a way, suspending the Institute just at this moment seems significant and appropriate, like the ending of an era, the era in which, to use a very old-fashioned quotation from Oscar Wilde, people knew the price of everything and the value of nothing.

Paper Wasters

Shortages are beginning to appear in certain types of paper in the United States, especially those that are bleached with chlorine. The grim joke is going around New York that government press agents in Washington are using up so much mimeograph paper that they have virtually exhausted the national supply. (We repeat this slander only to repudiate it at once.)

Speaking of government departments, however, reminds us of an old grievance. Why do so many bureaus in Washington and the state capitals send out press releases flat in huge and very expensive envelopes? Hundreds of times each year we get, from one government agency or another, a single sheet of paper that has been mailed in this way at a cost of four or five times that of a small and cheap envelope. Only very rarely is the "release" thus received of any earthly use to anybody; but even if it were good, we still wouldn't like the envelope.

We predict, by the way, that almost any minute now the same thing will happen here that was seen in London when the office of The Economist got nineteen copies of the same letter in the same mail. It was a letter from a government bureau asking The Economist to coöperate and save paper.

Sing It and Mean It

Hatred of aliens, and especially of refugees, has been manifested lately in many and oddly assorted quarters —the Visa Division of the State Department, Senator Robert Reynolds, a whole group of Southern Repre-

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sentatives, so respected a public man as former Governor Philip La Follette of Wisconsin, and of course all the cheapjack American Fascist organizations, and particularly the Christian Front. Under these circumstances it is pleasant to recognize the work of one group that is effectively making good on the refrain that every American sings but few stop to think about—that this is the land of liberty. The Emergency Rescue Committee, under the chairmanship of Dr. Frank Kingdon, has brought out of Europe more than 600 men and women, of every nationality, many of them distinguished figures in European cultural life, all of them fighters against the tyranny which has crushed liberty on that continent, all of them in danger of their lives. Those of them who have come to the United States are warmly welcome. In helping them, Dr. Kingdon and those associated with him have helped their country and deserve its thanks. The committee, in an audited report, shows that it used only 15 percent of its $215,000 for fund-raising and administrative expenses, an excellent record, bespeaking devotion and efficiency in management. The committee asks $100,000 more. The name: Emergency Relief Committee. The address: 122 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Last Week

Many notables did their bit for liberty and civilization, although not precisely in the manner in which they intended. Senator Reynolds, chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, stayed away from Washington for the sixth consecutive week, on his honeymoon, a contribution not appreciated by those who were counting on him to push his bill for a separate United States air force. Time for reflection on that bill can do no harm. Among the items for reflection was the fact, published by the columnists Pearson and Allen, that a British mission is in the United States studying the present air-force set-up here, with the thought that it may be more desirable than their own independent one. . . . Southern Democrats and Northern industrialists were happy because FDR had a very hot potato on his hands in the form of the coal strike and hoped no one would cool it off for him. But the President ate it up.

Because they would not pass a law based on his premise that American union labor is "the most audacious and rapacious gang of thieves that ever preyed on human kind," Westbrook Pegler told members of Congress what *they* were. "Kennel of curs" was one of the lighter phrases. Senators and Representatives found this illuminating information, not about themselves, but about the ideas of democracy and representative government entertained by the leading columnist of the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

The Italian navy, in a burst of activity in the Mediterranean, sank one of the best ships of the Spanish merchant marine.

China Is Our Ally

THE ISSUE PRESENTED by Saburo Kurusu to the State Department in the present negotiations is less that of our relationship to Japan than our relationship to China. Kurusu's intention is clearly to induce the United States to recognize Japan's seizure of north China and Manchukuo, in return for a token withdrawal of Japanese forces from central and south China. Our blockade would then be relaxed and our aid to Chungking would cease. The inevitable collapse of Chinese morale would permit Japan to resume her conquest at a more favorable time.

Any such compromise with China's enemy would be an inexcusable retreat for America. China believes herself today to be a part of the world democratic front, and her belief was strengthened by Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, the British Ambassador to Chungking, when he declared on June 16 that "China is striding toward full-fledged democracy." China sees her 4,000,000 soldiers as the right flank of the world army of the Allies. A Chinese delegate to the International Labor Conference, Chu Hsueh Fan, asserted recently that if the United States would send her one-twelfth of its output of aircraft, China would be in a position, within two years, to send a million men into an offensive against the German armies. This attitude in itself in striking, and its soundness was confirmed by General Wavell's prophecy of November 20 that before long the western and eastern fronts will merge into one war.

In the last year we have advanced far in recognizing China's contribution to the war in the West. With the aid of Lauchlin Currie, the President's closest adviser on China, Dr. T. V. Soong last May organized a private corporation, known as China Defense Supplies, to handle China's requirements under lease-lend. A brother of Thomas Corcoran is president of the corporation; the vice-president is one of the ablest of the New Dealers, William Youngman, recently general counsel of the Federal Power Commission. Under the supervision of China Defense Supplies, liaison committees have been formed with the War and Treasury Departments for aviation, ordnance, motor transport and other requirements. At the same time, a first-rate group of American experts has been sent to advise the Chinese government. Owen Lattimore is personal adviser to the Generalissimo; Manuel Fox of the Tariff Commission is the new American member of the Joint Currency Stabilization Board; two outstanding army officers, General Magruder and Lt. Col. MacMoreland, are assisting in the operation of aircraft; J. E. Baker, an American traffic expert, is serving on the Burma Road Commission, and throughout the length of the Road, American mechanics are repairing our trucks; at last those trucks are carrying American planes to Chungking.

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In addition, Chinese representatives are today called in as full consultants on boards which allocate America's military production among the Allies. China has become a full belligerent on the Allied side in everything but name. To treat her as anything less, after the size of her contribution and the extent of her sacrifice, would be nothing short of a betrayal. We go farther: since the fronts must be joined one day, as General Wavell prophesied, Washington should take advantage of Kurusu's presence to tell the Japanese army that any attempt to sever China's lifeline, either at Kunming, or in Burma itself, will be viewed by Britain and the United States as an act of war.

After the Coal Strike

With the settlement of the coal strike, the problem of dealing with interruptions of defense production is over the hump; if, as seems probable, a railroad strike is averted, future stoppages will probably be minor and sporadic.

The United Mine Workers is one of the two or three most numerous, powerful and influential unions in the country. John L. Lewis, its leader and an important force in the CIO, is the bitterest and most stubborn opponent of the President and of the defense program in the whole labor movement. For months he has been awaiting his chance, not only to make trouble for his enemies but to rehabilitate himself as a successful leader of labor and prove his doctrine that stiff non-coöperation will best serve its interest.

The union-shop dispute in the captive mines offered the opportunity he had laid his plans to exploit. The issue was one on which the miners and labor in general could not fail to support him. The economic and political pressure of the strike was real and immediate; the employers and the country needed the coal, and there were no hordes of unemployed or non-union men to take the strikers' places. The CIO was in convention when the crisis broke. This was the time, if ever, to swing the labor movement against the administration and onto the isolationist bandwagon. It was the time to win a critical victory by gaining the full demands of the union—if not by negotiation, then by force. It was the time to reëstablish himself as the dominating figure in the CIO. It was the time to smash the governmental machinery for mediation and peaceful adjustment.

The crisis is past; Mr. Lewis, having captured out of it all the gains he could make, was shrewd enough to withdraw from the battle in good order while he could still do so. He agreed in advance to accept the decision of an arbitration, and the miners will be bound by contract for more than another year. The CIO, though it endorsed his union-shop demand, as it was certain to do, and though it threw him sops in the form of resolutions about minor matters, also voted support for the defense program and maintained its independence of his dictatorship. The strike did not spread to other industries. Mr. Lewis crippled the National Defense Mediation Board, but he brought down on himself an overwhelming force of public opinion, including opinion in labor ranks, which frightened many union leaders and will make them wary in the future. He led labor to the very verge of a catastrophe in the form of restrictive legislation and the opposition of the armed forces. It is safe to predict that neither Mr. Lewis nor any other important leader will be so incautious again.

For the achievement of this result labor and the country has to thank the statesmanship and democratic forbearance of the President. He knew Mr. Lewis hated him and had challenged him; he had every temptation to widen the breach and "crack down." If he had done so, he would have been applauded by an overwhelming majority of Congress and an excited public opinion. Given a chief executive with one-tenth the vanity, the animosity and the narrow stubbornness evinced by Mr. Lewis, the country would have been plunged into bitter civil conflict, and labor would have been set back for a decade.

If Mr. Roosevelt had acted quickly to call in troops and try to run the mines, or had even called on Congress for the anti-strike legislation that it was eager to pass, the CIO convention might have been stampeded against him, the coal strike might have continued until it was broken, and all hope of labor peace might have been lost. Instead, he waited for public opinion and sane counsels in labor to register their effect. And, accepting good advice, he offered Mr. Lewis a way out by which he could save his face. It is true that Mr. Lewis accepted arbitration of an issue which he formerly had said could not be arbitrated. But he was offered an arbitration board of which he could approve, and Mr. Steelman, the impartial member, was allowed to act, not as a government employee but as an individual, thus enabling Mr. Lewis to say that the government's commitments against his position would not influence the outcome.

There remain the questions concerning future treatment of mediation and strikes, and regulatory legislation. Either the National Defense Mediation Board must be rehabilitated or something must take its place. Congress must be allowed to pass legislation of some sort; for this, labor has Mr. Lewis to thank. But, with as much wisdom as the administration has shown in this field in the past, both can be achieved with benefit not only to the country but to labor. The Mediation Board, as a voluntary body on part time, and with shifting membership and inadequate staff, can be improved upon. Repressive legislation would only make the situation worse, and laws passed in the heat of the crisis are likely to be bad. But, if sufficient time can be gained, and thought devoted to the question, regula-

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tory legislation which would help the unions purge themselves of dishonesty, racketeering and dictatorship may be written.

Far more important than any specific measures, however, will be labor's coöperation in making them work. The fact and manner of the elimination of the controversy in the mines have helped this task tremendously. If we can now avoid the wrong kind of laws, and if labor will vigorously express its own interest in a viable system of adjustment, the recent crisis can be turned to good uses.

Attack in Africa

THOSE PERSONS on both sides of the Atlantic who have been demanding that the British forces should "do something" have now had their way. The offensive in North Africa seems to have been carefully prepared. Large amounts of material had been accumulated, both from British and American sources, and in the opening days, at least, were effectively used.

We do not know whether the entire British force in the Near and Middle East is large enough to have any important effect in the Caucasus. We do not know whether it is possible to get there in time to be of any use. We do not know whether Stalin wants assistance in the form of British troops; there have been several reports that he did not. We do not know, finally, what is the full British plan regarding North Africa and Italy. In London there are some advocates of not trying to sweep the Italians and Germans out of North Africa entirely, but of forcing them to keep troops there and send them supplies across the Mediterranean—supplies of which the British are now sinking 40 percent. This is called the "running-sore" technique; the theory behind it is that such a situation is more exhausting and damaging to the Axis forces than a clean-cut withdrawal would be.

Only next in importance to the thrust into Libya is the removal of Weygand as military commander of French North Africa. It is suggested that the Germans forced this upon Vichy because they feared they might be compelled to retreat from Libya into Tunis and Algeria and were not sure what reception they would get from Weygand. It is equally possible of course that they may intend at last to take over Spain and Portugal and establish direct control of the entire Northwest African territory down to Dakar. That port, incidentally, has been heavily fortified by the French while we were vacillating, and would now be very difficult to capture by a frontal attack from the sea. Realization of the increased threat to South America undoubtedly explains our occupation of Dutch Guiana.

Germany could certainly take over Spain and Portugal without much opposition. It would take her a long time, without control of the sea, to get down as far as Dakar, especially since the famous railroad across the Sahara is still many hundreds of miles from being complete, and materials for it are extremely scarce. A German force in French Northwest Africa could, however, offer serious resistance to British troops chasing the Italians and Germans out of Libya. Of great importance in this whole situation is the remnant of the French fleet. If Pétain turns this over to Hitler, it will make much worse the whole British position in the Mediterranean. The only possible offset would be to use part of the American fleet in that area.

With the removal of Weygand came news from Washington that all supplies to French North Africa will be stopped. This policy of semi-appeasement was promulgated by the same influences in the State Department that have also been encouraging the shipment of supplies to Vichy France, and to Spain. In the latter case, we seem to have been helping Hitler outright and to a considerable extent. I. F. Stone, writing in PM, charges that since last April we have sent a million barrels of oil to Spain, plus 42,000 barrels of high-quality aviation lubricating oil, for which Franco could have no possible use. Figures on our exports are no longer published, but even so, much of this lubricating oil went under false labels—a thoroughly despicable case of American government officials secretly helping Hitler. It is an eloquent fact that the moment these shipments were brought to light, the Economic Defense Board ordered them stopped.

In a literal sense, the fate of the world hangs on what is happening on the Russian front and in the Libyan desert. Japan is marking time to see how these two struggles come out. If one or both of them should go badly for the anti-Axis forces, she may turn into a tough customer for the United States. Hitler is already such a tough customer for us. Strictly in terms of self-preservation, we ought to do at once everything we possibly can to aid Russia and Britain. They need our goods and are beginning to get them. If they need our ships and our men they should have those too.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Mr. Kurusu Smiled

MR. KURUSU SMILED. "There are many people," he said to the press which greeted him at San Francisco, "who want to bring our two countries into war for their own advantage."

Who are these people but Hitler and the clique of his admirers which Mr. Kurusu represents? Any why on earth did Mr. Kurusu smile? He speaks for a nation which by its own grandiose ambitions of conquest has brought itself to bankruptcy; for whom the status quo has now become intolerable, even though any departure from it means certain defeat in war.

Mr. Kurusu came to America because Japan cannot continue her conquest of Asia until she can once more supply her army with American goods. He came because for four years Japan has lived beyond her means.

As early as 1938, Japan's basic industries of agriculture and fisheries fell into a decline. The reduced imports of gasoline for fishing boats and cotton thread for nets cut down Japan's marine hauls and with them the productivity of her workers, dependent on fish for much of their starvation diet. From fish comes fertilizer, and the reduced hauls finally cut down also the productivity of her land. Japan reduced her imports of phosphate, preferring to get from America scrap iron and gasoline. Within two years her soil became impoverished; in 1941, her rice crop is the lowest in her recent history and 20 percent below her planned levels.

In 1939, shortage of coal appeared in Japan and soon affected power and transportation. She was determined to continue her conquest, so she concentrated all raw materials for arms production, cut civilian consumption of gasoline from 10,000,000 to 4,000,000 barrels in order to maintain war stocks, and rationed rice, sugar, charcoal, eggs and other foodstuffs. But her workers lived so close to bare subsistence levels that factory production fell off sharply.

On July 26, 1941, the Netherlands East Indies, Britain and America, which at the time were supplying 75 percent of Japan's foreign trade, froze Japanese credits and cut off their trade with Japan. We further damaged Japan's war potential by our general economic warfare. In copper, for example, Japan was about to conclude, in 1941, an agreement to purchase Chile's exportable surplus in exchange for deliveries of cement, when the United States intervened. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation cornered Chile's copper production in an agreement similar to those we had concluded with Brazil, Argentina, Peru and Mexico. By these agreements Japan's only remaining source of supply outside of the yen bloc was largely cut off. As the result of these measures, a very large part of Japan's industrial investment was utterly disorganized in August, 1941. A shortage of aluminum reduced her production of aircraft to less than three thousand a year, and the lack of scrap iron crippled her naval-expansion program. At the same time shipments from America of Hurricanes made in Canada, and our own Vultee Vanguards, too inferior to be used in Europe, brought to China aircraft better than any which Japan possesses.

The deterioration in Japan's economic condition forced her, in 1941, to suffer a deterioration in her strategic position. Shortages of rice, rubber and scrap iron compelled her to invade Indo-China in order to maintain her armies; but the invasion of Indo-China at once exposed her to possible attack. For Japan allowed herself to rely on a source of supply 2,100 miles from her own shores, with lines of communication which could be smashed without difficulty.

At the same time Japan reached in Indo-China the outer rim of her circle of expansion, beyond which any aggressive action will mean war. Even an attack upon Kunming would bring attack from new enemies if there were any chance that China's continued resistance would be endangered. Yet if Japan should precipitate war, her choices, according to the American Navy Department, are to remain in port and be starved, or to emerge and be decisively beaten in battle.

Our alternatives of joining issue with the Japanese or attempting to compromise have created the same division, between the militant young officials of the Navy and State Departments and the passive conservatism of the older men, that was created in the defense agencies on the question of all-out production. This conflict was sharply expressed within these departments during the nine months of intensive negotiations which preceded Kurusu's well dramatized and well prepared final mission. Fully 80 percent of the American Foreign Service officers who have served in Japan opposed any negotiations after the freezing of the Japanese credits. Without consultation with these officers, negotiations were carried on throughout the summer of 1941 between a small group in the State Department under Secretary Hull and Mr. Wakasugi and Admiral Nomura of the Japanese embassy. The fairly firm attitude shown by America in these negotiations was largely responsible for the downfall of the Konoye government and the sending of Kurusu to Washington by the Japanese army to discover whether Admiral Nomura and Mr. Wakasugi were telling the truth. At the same time, however, the negotiations served to demoralize the Chinese. In August, six of the nine officials of the Far Eastern Division of the State Department drew up and signed a memorandum to Hull insisting that further negotiation was useless and could

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only react to the benefit of Japan. Led by an outstanding foreign-service officer and expert on Japan, Cabot Colville, this group presented their memorandum to Maxwell Hamilton, chief of the Far Eastern Division. Hamilton, who for eight years has fought every substantial move to aid China and has kept Secretary Hull in a helpless state of indecision, was of course infuriated. Within a few days Colville was notified of his transfer to the Philippines. He resigned, but was subsequently persuaded to accept the post. A second member of the group was transferred on his own request to an obscure post in Latin America. Today Hamilton and his loyal subordinate, Joseph Ballantine, are in the center of the Kurusu negotiations, a fact that has much disturbed all friends of China in Washington.

In these negotiations Kurusu holds one important weapon. He has presumably admitted that the Japanese now possess only about a year's supply of oil and other war materials. He has added, if he has been clever, that Japan will fight now rather than be placed at the mercy of the Allies in a year's time when any effective action will be beyond her power. For the Navy Department, and the President, who regards himself as a navy man, this argument has some validity. War with Japan would require the transfer of perhaps one-third of our Atlantic fleet for convoy and combat duty in the Pacific.

Yet Japan cannot undertake war against us unless the French navy engages the British in the Mediterranean and the Russian armies collapse. These factors have led her, despite the worsening of her condition, to play for time. But this common desire for postponement by both nations yields no ground on which agreement may be made. Japan will not renounce the Axis so long as our non-participation in the war makes Germany's victory probable. Nor will she in good faith renounce any part of her program of expansion in China. In turn, if we agree in principle to lift the embargo, or to recognize Manchukuo, with its 35,000,000 Chinese, in exchange for a token withdrawal of Japanese forces from China, we shall do more than to betray China and imperil her further resistance; we shall demoralize our own people and open the way for appeasement in Europe. For Americans will inevitably ask: if agreement is possible with one partner in the Axis why is it not possible with the others? Our policy can only be: no compromise in China; no relaxation of the blockade; no agreement of any kind that is not fully supported by Russia as well as Britain: no smile on the face of Kurusu.

Washington MICHAEL STRAIGHT

Lewis Loses the CIO

BACK IN the dear, dead days, never quite so far beyond recall as now, when all federated labor met together in convention, delegates from the coal miners and their assorted bodyguards, friends and hangers-on could always be distinguished from the rest of the convention. This was not because they did not take part in the formal and extra-curricular activities of the annual AFL get-together. On the contrary, the miners often made the best speeches, introduced the most important resolutions, did the hardest drinking and played the most serious poker at Federation conclaves in various cities. But they always kept to themselves. Their poker tables, their corner at the bar, their section on the meeting floor were always occupied early and were always exclusive. Someone going by might get a friendly hail, but practically never an invitation to pull up a chair. Though all the men at an AFL convention were king pins in their respective organizations, only the miners refused to acknowledge that they were among their peers.

After 1920, when the designs of John L. Lewis became the line of United Mine Workers' officialdom, the miners participated wholeheartedly in joint action only when they could lead it to a Lewis objective. As time and brooding served Lewis to fill out the concepts of his own destiny, his union's disconnection from the rest of organized labor became more apparent. Restive, but impotent to move onto a larger stage in the twenties, he devoted the decade to consolidating his power, making himself impregnable and stamping out opposition within the United Mine Workers. These were the years of the Jacksonville Agreement, of decisions to withdraw automony from local districts, of Brophy, Hapgood and Germer. And though the union's strength declined in its industry, the one-man control of John Lewis over the UMW became complete.

Roosevelt and the NRA gave Lewis his chance to rebuild his union. He met it with a vigor and determination that attested to his great talents. By 1934, with the United Mine Workers stronger than at any other previous time, Lewis was ready for the larger role. In 1935 he found it in the chairmanship of the CIO.

What the CIO has done is writ so large that all who run must read, and heed. Even the AFL's Executive Council, made up of the most astigmatic men ever called on to make a contribution to progressive causes, have not failed to see in that record a sign of the times. But to Lewis, the great social upsurge of which he was the symbol never represented anything more than an extension of his personal power. Sensitive and astute enough to cast his ambitions, as well as his speeches, in a mold that would win him the greatest

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support from the people he sought to lead, he had five years of unchallenged supremacy.

During those five years, miners came to CIO meetings as comrades. They displayed a gregariousness and a spirit of coöperation that were truly remarkable. They were taking their cue from Big John. Lewis, with the reins firmly in his hands, was driving a team through a footnote and making a chapter in American history that must necessarily make every account of this century incomplete if it is not described. So Lewis, and his UMW officials, were hearty, affable and almost, but never quite, magnanimous.

Then, through his hate for Roosevelt, which fed on what Lewis regarded as the President's competition for leadership of the country's underprivileged, came the endorsement of Willkie and the miscalculated promise to resign if the electorate did not follow. Lewis went to the CIO convention last year with nothing to lose but his reins. The great movement with which he identified himself had its base and its future. With any interest in it save a personal one, he could have stepped not down but aside into an elder-statesman position in which his contribution would have been priceless. But, with his sole interest in power for himself, he chose last year to try to wreck the CIO, to split it by driving out Sidney Hillman and the right-wing unions in clothing, textiles, the distributive trades and other industries which were determined to see him resign.

Although he had the enthusiastic support of the Communist-led delegations, he was unable to purge Hillman and his followers. The big centrist unions in autos, rubber, aluminum, glass and other mass-production industries were beginning to see that their future lay in government collaboration, that their lives depended on national defense. It was Hillman's leadership on both of these fronts that generated the Lewis attack. And though there was plenty of ground on which legitimately to criticize Hillman, the Lewis operation was so frenzied, and the conduct of the mine workers' delegation so gauche, that even the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee was alienated.

As national defense became more and more important and Lewis' hate for Roosevelt and Hillman drove him deeper and deeper into opposition of the defense program, it became clear that unless the Communist-controlled and UMW-controlled unions decided to pull out of the CIO and start a rival labor federation, John Lewis would never again attend a joint convention, and his bully-boys would never coöperate at one. World events of June took the Communists out of the Lewis camp and the isolationist was isolated.

All this is part of the prologue to the 1941 convention of the CIO in Detroit last week. Without such an assaying, what happened there is grossly deceptive. For on the surface, and in the minutes of its proceedings, the Detroit meeting bore an uncomfortably close resemblance to the AFL convention stereotype. On the floor, speeches seemed to differ only in emphasis and length; all voting was *viva-voce;* anything displeasing to the chair was dismissed on parliamentary pretexts; there were no debates worthy of the name; officers were reëlected without opposition; and there were scuffles and fist-fights among the delegates à la AFL. To the uninitiated, only the conduct of the Mine Workers' and the Construction Workers' delegations, the latter captained by Denny Lewis, John's brother, seemed puzzling. In the convention hall, and outside of it, they sat together in a tight huddle. They participated in no ovations, no applause, no revelries. In the Statler Hotel bar, when closing time came at two o'clock each night, they broke up their party with the song, Lewis Is Our Leader; We Shall Not Be Moved.

But what they wanted was obscure. Lewis' name was never mentioned on the convention floor except in a context of praise. Much as most of the delegates hated to do it, they voted him, unanimously, support for the captive-mine strike. Such endorsement gave all the impassioned utterances in favor of national defense and in favor of Roosevelt's foreign policy a hollow sound, as Lewis knew it would. The captive-mine strike sat like Banquo's ghost at the head of the labor table.

To be sure, Denny and Kathryn Lewis fought in committee meetings for resolutions demanding Hillman's ouster from the OPM, and for a less forthright statement in support of aid to the Allies. But they knew they had no chance to prevail, and they never expressed their opposition on the convention floor. What the Lewis men awaited, was word from their chief to put his name in nomination for CIO president. That it would have come if the mine strike was brought to a successful conclusion before the election of officers everyone knew. If Lewis' strike had stampeded Roosevelt into putting pressure on the steel companies to give the UMW a union shop, he would have demonstrated that the direct actionism for which he stood was effective. Tom Kennedy would have nominated Lewis instead of Murray, and nominations would have been closed. Similarly, if Roosevelt had been unable to stand against the demand that he send the troops into the coal towns, Lewis would have been labor's Joan of Arc and as such would have been nominated and elected president of the CIO.

But Roosevelt, with Hillman at his side, knew what was at stake, and outsat Lewis. Now, Roosevelt can get the union shop for the UMW or sanction new labor legislation without worrying about delivering the CIO to his bitterest political enemy.

So the Lewis men at Detroit heard Big John praised, but saw him buried. Left, right and center drew together to leave him with only the men who are employees of the UMW. In moving away from Lewis together, they gave the CIO a solidarity which it has never had before. Its present oppositional minority, the miners, is smaller and less influential than any opposi-

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tion it has ever sheltered. And there are a few old-timers who are predicting that, for better or for worse, it will be gone by the next convention, for UMW delegates will ignore the next convention call.

But until then, the miners' opposition is apt to be very troublesome. Lewis has loyal payrollers in important CIO jobs. He has his District 50, a section of the UMW which has an elastic jurisdiction that enables it to raid the membership, as it is already doing, of such organizations as the International Ladies' Garment Workers, the Toy and Novelty Workers, and the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers. To build a labor movement under his control he is moving such seasoned organizers as Timko, Widman and Fontecchio out of other CIO jobs into District 50. He orders them about because he pays their wages. Brother Denny's construction workers' unit also has ideas about its jurisdictional limits. Its organization of restaurant workers suggests that it will not interpret its charter narrowly.

The march of events which began the emancipation of the CIO from Lewis' domination delivered it into the hands of his co-worker of thirty years standing, Phil Murray. Elected to the CIO presidency in 1940, Murray did nothing for a year, with the exception of offering the Murray Industrial Council Plan, which would distinguish his policies from those of his predecessor. Silent on national defense and foreign affairs because, as he told the Detroit convention, he had had no mandate from the CIO, he could have been following the Lewis line. But he was not. Ill and overworked though he was, he found the time and had the integrity to decide for himself where the future of American labor lay. To say he broke with Lewis would be to suggest a drama that never was acted out. But surely and irretrievably he moved in a direction which, the Detroit convention revealed, had him poles away from Lewis in November, 1941.

But Murray's stature will not for long be overshadowed by a marplot. Big though the UMW is, it is not big enough for Lewis and an able man who opposes him. Murray's vice-presidency in the Lewis organization makes both men uncomfortable. Next May, when the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee becomes an international union on its own, its presidency will be offered to Murray. Unless he can win Lewis over by then, he will take the job and, for the first time in his long life as a union official, be completely independent of John L. When he takes that step, the last vestigial remains of the umbilical cord which led from the miners to the new unions will be cut away and the CIO will take on a character and a destiny of its own.

MICHAEL KLEIN

Col. McCormick's Tribune: 1910-41

CHICAGO nourishes a cynical tribe which stakes its conscience and opinions on the simple dogma that The Chicago Tribune must be wrong. That fact alone, aside from any practical considerations, would explain the recent decision of Marshall Field and a group of associates to publish a new morning paper.

Since 1939 The Tribune has been Chicago's only morning newspaper. The news fraternity may scoff at it, liberals may rail and interventionists rage at it, but more than a million persons in the Midwest continue to buy it daily and Sunday because there is no breakfast-table substitute. Throughout the half-dozen states over which the paper has blustered its way, Tribune-haters know no cleavage of race, creed, age, class or party. It was the very diversity of their interests, the impossibility of their uniting effectively, which gave The Tribune license.

That license expired when the isolationist-interventionist controversy emerged as a dominant issue. Many readers who might shrug off its lesser peccadillos had no stomach for The Tribune's anti-war hysteria. Led by Fight for Freedom, Inc., they sponsored mass meetings, published broadsides and pamphlets, rallied supporters among interventionists of all shades and turned to the publisher of PM as their angel.

However Mr. Field and his associates may see the venture, most of its potential readers are animated by a single fervent hope: that The Tribune—and its alter ego, Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick—can be whittled down to the proportions of the reactionary, isolationist and bitterly anti-administration faction for which they speak. Sponsors of the new paper grimly assert that they intend to try to cut The Tribune's circulation in half in the next two years.

There is nothing naïve in asking how the (self-styled) World's Greatest Newspaper can flourish in such an environment. The question has stumped journalism's best minds. The Tribune's first 400 copies were published in 1847, but its real beginnings might be said to date from 1855, when it was taken over by Joseph Medill. Despite his able guidance, the paper had anything but a lusty youth. In 1910—respectable and dull—it was still struggling with a circulation of 188,000 to hold third place among Chicago's eight dailies.

At this juncture, The Tribune lost its editor—Medill's son-in-law, Robert W. Patterson—and the stockholders were on the verge of selling the property. Two of Medill's four grandchildren stepped forward. Robert R. McCormick gave up the position as president of the Sanitary District and, with his cousin, the

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Social Register playwright Joe Patterson, asked leave to carry on the family's journalistic dynasty.

Eight years later, with a circulation of 410,000, The Tribune had earned first rank among the city's papers. The McCormick-Patterson combination had been joined by a seasoned managing editor, James Keeley, and the ex-Hearst circulation manager Max Annenberg. Colonel McCormick, scarcely taking time to assure the paper a newsprint supply by the construction of new mills in Canada, charged editorially on the state Republican boss, Senator William Lorimer. Accusing him of office-buying, The Tribune ultimately forced his ouster and launched itself as a guardian of public morality. Captain Patterson emerged with ideas for beauty contests and such comic strips as Little Orphan Annie and Andy Gump, which laid the foundation for the Chicago Tribune syndicate. Mr. Keeley had ranged far afield for features and columns glamorized with the by-lines of Lillian Russell, the Marquess of Queensberry and Laura Jean Libbey. To Mr. Annenberg fell the two-fisted job of building circulation.

Today all but four of the eight dailies are no more. Keeley and Annenberg are gone, and Cousin Joe Patterson edits The New York Daily News. Colonel McCormick sits alone in Tribune Tower on Michigan Avenue, and The Tribune has become a one-man newspaper—overlord of "Tribune-Town" and a record of the publisher's personal bias. In a socially lethargic boom town, where two-thirds of the population is of foreign birth or parentage, one million facsimiles of the Colonel and his whimsies roll forth each day to plead the sanctity of the status quo.

To Colonel McCormick, The Tribune is no rich man's plaything. It is the consuming interest of his life. He comes to the office early each morning. Notes signed "R. R. Mc" flow in a steady stream to the city desk, editorial chiefs, advertising and circulation heads. He confers daily with editorial writers and advertising executives. His strident bell rings constantly on the city editor's desk. From his home in the evening a direct wire connects him with the managing editor's office. When he is away the telegrams stream back.

The crusading zeal that prompted a normally Republican paper to unseat Lorimer still burns with the same vigor, but not with the same catholicity. The fight has narrowed. Today, if The Tribune has a virtue it is constancy. It is unswervingly anti-New Deal, unprogressive, bitterly isolationist.

Two factors have held The Tribune at the isolationist post. One is its hatred of the administration. The other is the publisher's messianic conviction that he has a mission to save the Republic from forces undermining the American tradition of independence. These forces he translates freely and interchangeably as the New Deal and entanglement in European politics.

The social and economic reforms of the New Deal have been anathema to the paper from the beginning. The battle was joined over the NRA newspaper publishers' code. Interpreted by Colonel McCormick as a threat to the freedom of the press, it laid the foundations for a deep distrust of all things Rooseveltian. Successive hatchings of alphabetical agencies deepened that distrust, and the New Deal became a synonym for "communism" and "totalitarianism."

Thus, the TVA was opposed on the ground that control of electrical power by the government was a short cut to communism. Lenin's dictum, "communism is the Soviet government plus the electrification of the country," was quoted as proof.

The growing power of labor under the New Deal was an affront to Colonel McCormick's aristocratic sense of propriety. Again the Red bogey was trotted forth. In The Tribune's report of the 1937 Republic Steel strike and the South Chicago shootings—which most of the nation's press labeled the Memorial Day Massacre—the strikers were a "communist-inspired mob" and editorially a "murderous mob." The incident inspired a series of articles which sought to draw parallels between American strikes and the Russian revolutionary pattern. The Michigan sitdown strikes and the activities of traveling union organizers assumed a sinister aspect. Said The Tribune: "The history of the Fascist revolution shows that Mussolini used these roving bands . . . and Hitler's brownshirts had units of raiding gangsters."

With the help of special correspondents and the ingenuity of its rewrite desk, The Tribune cultivated its flair for invective and name-calling. The NRA became a "subversive influence." CIO members were "storm troopers." The auditor of the Securities and Exchange Commission was a "GPU" representative. Leon Henderson is usually referred to as "commissar."

Nor does The Tribune confine its talents to slanted news stories and editorial witch-hunts. Cartoons from the pens of McCutcheon, Orr and Parrish drive home the message. In them, day after day, Uncle Sam looks on with anguish while "war-mongers" lead the populace to destruction, or sinister New Dealers bore holes in the ship of state, or "communist schemers" in the guise of athletic trainers bleed Uncle Sam himself for the "dissipation of private enterprise."

Again and again the New Deal has been charged with deliberately retarding recovery with the aim of "sovietizing" or "collectivizing" America. In a speech last year to a Republican meeting in Jackson, Michigan, The Tribune's publisher trumpeted: "The New Deal is a persistent effort to overthrow our political and economic systems and substitute dictatorship and socialism."

Whatever heights The Tribune's virulence may have reached in fighting domestic policies have already been surpassed in its bitter attacks on the administration's handling of the war emergency. To The Tribune, war is merely a new and more hateful excuse to impose on

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a frightened American people the deadly kiss of totalitarianism and communism. The lease-lend bill, like many another, was the "dictator bill." Headlines of the Roosevelt-Churchill meeting screamed: "PACT PUSHES U. S. NEAR WAR." Not content with that, The Tribune editorially pursued the President with an indictment of his whole ancestry as "un-American" . . . "Great Grandfather James was a Tory" . . . "a Southern connection, James Bullock, would have destroyed the Union." "He [the President] comes of a stock which never fought for the country and now betrays it."

Following the radio address in which Roosevelt revealed his shoot-on-sight orders to the Atlantic patrol, The Tribune in a front-page editorial discovered a "Hidden Purpose." The purpose? "To create an emotional setting in which half-truths, twisted truths and untruths would be accepted as the reasonable and reasoned thought of a responsible public official." And then: "His purpose is to confuse and frighten the American people into the belief that they are confronted by stupendous dangers. He will make this his excuse to impose new totalitarian restraints . . . his aim is dictatorship which will be the destruction of the republic."

The day after Congress passed the lease-lend bill the platform on The Tribune's editorial masthead was swept away and in its place appeared the legend: "Save the Republic." Matters were that serious.

They are no less serious today, but they are somewhat more confused. For isolationism makes strange bedfellows. There are, of course, such old familiars as the small business man, who can be—and is being—defended with complete gusto. But then The Tribune is not alone in sympathizing with the plight of the little fellow beset with priorities and shortages. Where The Tribune is alone is in seeing these stringencies as a deliberate attempt to foster "war hysteria to speed up the process of sovietizing."

Part of the confusion arises from Colonel McCormick's congenital preference for the role of lone wolf. To make his crusade effective he needs allies. Aside from the fortuitous assistance of Cousin Joe Patterson's New York Daily News and Cousin Eleanor (Cissy) Patterson's Washington Times-Herald, the Colonel has been hard pressed to find those allies. The America First Committee—the most logical candidate—has been favored in Tribune news columns from the first, but there has been a certain wariness about outright proselytizing on its behalf. Only once, following enactment of the first lease-lend bill, did the situation seem to warrant a forthright indorsement: "In recent months the good sense of the country has begun to mobilize in the America First movement. Every effort must now be directed to strengthening this organization by obtaining new recruits."

But The Tribune's recruiting ended there, even when a few weeks later it saw America First as a potential political power. Citing the fact that both parties in the 1940 election were pledged to preserve peace, and charging that both had broken this pledge, The Tribune commented: "In these circumstances the America First Committee can serve a most useful purpose in future elections and particularly in the national election of 1942. It can make recommendations."

Whatever private contributions Colonel McCormick may have made to America First, either in time or money, the public alliance of The Tribune has been tenuous from the start. Nor did its caution go unrewarded. Charles Lindbergh's anti-Semitic tirade at Des Moines proved no less offensive to The Tribune than to the rest of the American press. But here was a case where the usual editorial reproof would not suffice: a full page in color of the Lindbergh medals and decorations was already off the press. The Tribune swallowed hard and murmured: "We are confident that none of our readers will assume that the publication of this page at this time is to be regarded as in any sense an evidence of approval of the Des Moines speech."

A few days later the door was slammed on the flier when The Tribune ran a full-page editorial "Farewell to Lindbergh," paid for by the New Bedford, Massachusetts, Standard-Times. Henceforth The Tribune would stand on its own righteousness and the moral support of its poll showing that 80 (why not 100?) percent of the public dislikes war.

There have had to be other queer bedfellows. Not so long ago, all Tribune references to Wisconsin's Senior Senator read "Senator La Follette, Radical, Wis.," and the Senator's civil-liberties committee was seen as scarcely more than a small dog harrying the flanks of the American Way. Now The Tribune has been confronted with the painful necessity of making this same La Follette the respectable advocate of that same American Way.

All this has not passed unnoticed in Colonel McCormick's "Tribune-town." The pro-administration Times and Daily News have both capitalized on the opportunity to snipe at their squirming contemporary. After the McCutcheon tear-jerker labeled "Sleepless Nights" had pictured Uncle Sam lying awake while outside his window a pathetic multitude wails, The

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Daily News reminded The Tribune that these poor people for whom The Tribune felt such excruciating sympathy were the same ones it had contemptuously referred to in the depression as "the idle."

In reply to another attack, The Tribune said haughtily: "These jackals grow too bold." One of the "jackals" referred to was Samuel Emory Thomason, editor of The Chicago Times and formerly The Tribune's business manager. Mr. Thomason snapped back: "Sometimes owners of rich properties mistake wealth and its power for greatness."

Both The Times and The Daily News have made no secret of their sympathy for the new Field paper, which will be known as The Chicago Sun. Frequent news stories and paid advertisements have appeared in their columns. The News has contracted to print the new paper on its presses, and has leased space in its building for editoral and business offices.

The consensus in Chicago appears to be that circumstances could not be more auspicious for a new morning paper. The tide of international events is sweeping the citizens of "Tribune-town" farther from the oracle in the Tower. The paper itself is groping for a toe-hold in reality. Gone now is the militant slogan, "Save the Republic," and in its place the Colonel pleads: "Adopt an American foreign policy—Adopt an American domestic policy." The Tribune's tone grows increasingly plaintive.

HELEN MURCHIE COSTELLO

Britain and the Western Front

A FEW WEEKS AGO 1,400 shop stewards from all over the country met in conference in London. This was in itself a sign that fresh life is stirring among the workers facing new conditions in the munition plants. Shop stewards, closer to the men than the bureaucrats of the national trade unions, are always their rivals and incline to radicalism. In the latter years of the last war they became a quasi-revolutionary force. At this conference they concentrated attention on the need for aid to Russia. They called for the opening of a second front in Western Europe and for the admission of more women into the munitions factories.

This second demand was highly significant, for manual workers are as reluctant as doctors or lawyers to welcome women to their ranks. The Communist Party had a big share in organizing this conference, but none the less it spoke for the average worker and probably for every second Englishman. Nearly everyone is disturbed because, apart from the dispatch of a "wing" of the RAF to Leningrad and certain naval operations which are still a secret, no direct combatant aid has gone to Russia. The division lies between those who believe it was desirable but impossible and those who think it could and should have been tried.

At one time or another since June 22 every London newspaper, with the single exception of the highly official Daily Telegraph, has urged it; even The Times, traditionally Russophobe, timidly suggested it. The disquiet is evident in recent debates in both Houses of Parliament, and every Minister, when he faces a popular audience, has to defend the decision to send no expeditionary force to Europe. On the other hand, the Labor Party, now as correct as the Tories, put itself right with the masses by demonstrating in Trafalgar Square in favor of aid to Russia, but its speakers asked only for more tanks and airplanes, while they denounced the demand for a second front as "hysterical."

Normally most of us are content to leave the decision of such questions to the soldiers. No one outside the High Command can know all the relevant facts. But in this case it is difficult to obey this salutary rule, because there is a widespread fear that politics may have influenced strategy. The belief, prevalent in Whitehall as in Washington round midsummer, that the Red Army would collapse in a month sprang rather from prejudice than from ignorance. Events have blown it to the winds, but it has done its work. Again, the critics are dismayed by the survival among Ministers of the Maginot mind, which trusts to sedentary defense. The chief objection all of them raise against an expedition is that the prime duty of the army is to ward off invasion. One of them, Captain Margesson, insists that an invasion is even now a possibility. The average man has not studied strategy, but he is capable of asking why, if the Germans, lacking command of the sea, can invade this island, it should be impossible for us to invade France.

No one, after the experience of Norway and Crete, can think lightly of this adventure. An opposed landing is notoriously the most difficult of all military operations. But a good case can be stated for it. All the German panzer divisions and most of the air force are in the East. There remains in the West, it is said, only twenty-six divisions of second-line troops, of which some would be immobilized by garrison duty. An invasion in July or August might have drawn off Germans enough from the eastern front to equalize conditions there, with the result that the Russians might have conserved not only their armies but their war potential also. Even an expedition destined to local defeat might thus have obtained a strategical victory, as the Russian defeat at Tannenberg in 1914 made possible the victory of the Marne. Fields as diverse as Norway, Spain, the south of France, southern Italy and Brittany have been suggested. Since it is necessary to economize shipping, the last is the favorite.

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At the worst, if any bold advance into the interior proved too difficult, the expedition might dig itself in here and hold this base as a "Tobruk." As to shipping, one must reckon, not in total tonnage, but in ton-days. Every ton sent round the Cape to the Middle East means about fifty ton-days: a ton sent to Cherbourg would mean less than one ton-day.

The opposing case is formidable. The North French coast has been fortified by the Germans, while the RAF has battered the ports which British shipping would have to use. These objections do not apply to the other coasts suggested, but they would call for many more ships—more ton-days in more dangerous waters. Second, it is said that the necessary equipment (meaning chiefly tanks) is lacking. Finally, if the Germans have already twenty-six divisions in the West and were to bring back, say, twenty from the East, could we find, equip and maintain even an equal number, and at the same time maintain an army of about the same magnitude in the Middle East? As a rough measure of strength, one may recall the fact that at the end of the last war Britain had raised seventy-one divisions. It could be done, if at all, only by denuding this island and Northern Ireland of trained troops.

Stated in this way, the question becomes to my mind largely retrospective. Was it wise to concentrate our forces so heavily in Africa and the Middle East? Probably not—I should say certainly not—but in fairness it must be remembered that in the main this commitment was undertaken before Russia was dragged in at the end of June. There is reason enough, on this reading of the facts, for regret and distress, but no case on this score lies against the government. It has put up a feeble defense chiefly because its excessive concern for secrecy forbids it to publish the facts.

London H. N. BRAILSFORD

Physiology Since Pavlov

Everybody knows about the chief discovery of the great physiologist Pavlov—the conditioned reflex. Experimental physiology has made progress since Pavlov did his work. This article, by an American pupil and assistant of Pavlov's, tells us how his lead has been followed, to bridge the gap formerly existing between our ideas of mind and body. Experiments by the author at Johns Hopkins University reveal, for instance, a quantitative relationship between the amount of external stimulus and the excitement produced in the brain of the subject. Thus the way is opened for the development of exact mathematical laws to describe mental life. Much light is also thrown on the nature of neurotic or mental troubles by experimental physiology, which now can almost at will produce neurosis in animals, and study its causes and effects. These discoveries, elementary though they still are, are of tremendous importance for the scientific study of human problems, such as war. – THE EDITORS

EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE has traveled a long and rocky road since Pythagoras, combining observation and experiment, heard a blacksmith strike different notes on his anvil, and hurried home to make the experiment of trying the chords produced by varying lengths of strings.

A procession of experimentalists, as well as philosophers, has attacked the mind-body problem, from Pythagoras down through Aristotle, Descartes, Sechenov, William James, Dewey, Adolf Meyer, Pavlov. Descartes introduced the concept of reflex into physiology —the body acting like a machine in transforming energy. Sechenov, the father of Russian physiology, advanced this idea, with his discovery of inhibitory centers in the brain, to include the higher nervous activity, as did also the great Huxley with his phrase, "No psychosis without neurosis."

Pavlov, in his own scientific development, exemplified the embryological development of the individual, who has to pass through all the stages of his lowly ancestors before birth. Beginning as an out-and-out materialistic physiologist, concerned with the purely physiological aspects of digestive secretions, accelerator and inhibitory nerves to the heart, Pavlov through a long, soul-racking struggle[1] bridged the abyss between the physiological secretion (unconditioned reflex) and the psychical secretion (conditioned reflex).

His later work is an outgrowth of the earlier researches on digestion. Discoveries often wait upon the method: Pavlov made his great advances in the physiology of secretion as a result of the ingenious method he used to study secretion in the normal, intact healthy animal. Previously the stomach and intestinal juices had been collected in an anesthetized animal or in an isolated organ—conditions which never correspond to what occurs in life. Pavlov averred that we should have only the normal animal to obtain normal secretion. For this purpose he cleverly devised the chronic

[1]Pavlov's daring in his scientific career ran parallel to that in his personal life. He had the courage to enter a new field at the age of fifty (conditioned reflexes) and again at eighty (psychiatry), and to the government he always spoke with dangerous vehemence; when eighty years old, as a protest against the Bolsheviks, he wanted to leave the country and begin his scientific work anew abroad. In the last two years of his life (when the possibility of war loomed on the horizon) he mollified his attitude toward the Soviet government, and at the end even praised it. This fact is particularly significant during the present war with Germany because it is a striking instance of how in the face of national danger even the most vehement anti-communist in Russia will turn pro-Slav.

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fistula method by which the secretion of the various digestive glands could be studied.

Pavlov's first contributions to the study of our mental life are chiefly two: first, he showed that there is law and order in our psychical life and subjective states, and second, he discovered how pathological variations may be brought about.

That he believed the physiological, or unconditioned-reflex, secretion to be of the same order of phenomena as the psychical, or conditioned reflex, is emphasized by his use of the same term, reflex, for both. There are many today, who, seeing the differences between animal automaton and man, decisively object to the rigid concept implied by *reflex* for the varied psychical reactions, even though modified by the term conditioned. Ischlondsky has replaced the cumbersome "conditioned reflex" by *proflex*, which has the advantage of being a single term as well as connoting the progression that occurs for the individual when it makes adaptations.

Pavlov, beginning with the fundamental and difficult discovery that a gland can be used as a *quantitative* index of excitation and inhibition in the brain, extended his concepts to explain the nature of sleep, as well as certain physiological laws governing mental reactions, and the origin of the experimental nervous disturbance.

Much of the quantitative work of Pavlov, emphasizing the reflex nature of our mental life, its dependence upon laws, and determinism as a factor in the higher nervous activity, represents one end phase of the centuries of struggle against dualism. Now that this concept has been justified, showing the advantage of objective methods and that mathematical relations are possible, the conditions have to be so rigidly controlled and the factors so limited that it is at the present much more important to study the variations and abnormalities than the rule. More important is the relationship of conditioned reflex to unconditioned reflex (physiological terminology), reactions to motivation (psychological terminology), and the conflicts between basic motives, the emotional basis for actions.

By the ingenious method of using the salivary gland as a measure of cortical excitation, Pavlov gave a real objective meaning to the concepts excitation and inhibition. They were thus partly removed from the philosophical and speculative fields, notwithstanding the fact that Pavlov often allowed himself the luxury of going beyond his own facts and theorizing, perhaps unjustifiably for an experimentalist, concerning the nature of excitation and inhibition. Though the objection is frequently made to Pavlov's concept that mental life is more than salivary secretion and its accompanying excitation plus metabolism plus all the demonstrable somatic changes, it cannot be denied that Pavlov and his pupils dealt a blow to superstitions and subjective analogies, and that they laid a basis for the concept of a closely bound body-mind relationship, which finds current expression in the term "psychosomatic."

The chief advances following the major discoveries of Pavlov are, on the one hand, the progress from his qualitative results to more exact quantitative statements such as exist for other natural sciences; and, on the other, a more detailed application of the method in the study of human conflicts and nervous breakdowns.

Quantitative relationships between external stimulus and internal subjective life have been recently established. First, cortical excitation, *e. g.*, the excitation present when one thinks of food that makes his mouth "water," bears a constant and definite relation to external factors, such as the amount of food customarily used in the production of the alimentary excitation. Work in our laboratory in Baltimore has proceeded so far that this relationship between external stimulus and cortical ("mental") responses can be expressed in a mathematical formula, as demonstrated by Hull of New Haven and the author of this article. A step has been realized which was predicted a hundred years ago by Fechner in his psychophysics—exact mathematical laws for the mental world as well as for the physical. The existence in ordinary life of many factors that are not found in the laboratory has made it rarely possible to use a formula for psychical phenomena in a practical way. Still, we have here important evidence of the correlation between the physical and the psychical. But this law holds only under rigidly controlled conditions, and in ordinary life its results may be haphazard and irregular.

This is a point that is too often neglected in applying the results of the laboratory to life, but it can be shown even in our experimental work. I have demonstrated, for example, that conditioned reflexes—the elements of our psychical existence—have a close relationship to our underlying emotional tension, and that if this emotional interest drops, the conditioned reflex drops with it. This is so even when the stimulus remains exactly the same and when even the experience of the animal with regard to the stimulus and the response has not been altered. The food signal that brings out a copious secretion of saliva and active movement in a hungry animal has a quite different effect on the animal that has been well fed. Not a fraction of a drop flows and the movement is absent or in an opposite direction. We see the same thing when the emotions of a nation have been set by preparations for war or by war itself—considerations and events (conditioned stimuli) which once elicited feelings of compassion now produce entirely opposite effects such as hatred and violence.

Besides the obvious physical changes that accompany violent emotions, psychosomatic changes are seen even in the fine differences between positive and negative thinking. Definite and quantitative bodily changes other than the salivary secretion accompany mental activity.

That changes in the internal organs accompany such a state of cortical excitation has now been established. Hoffmann and I have shown that a definite increase

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in heart rate goes with even slight cortical excitation; that inhibition is also accompanied by a definite increase in heart rate, though one that is less pronounced than in case of excitation. Furthermore, the heart-rate change corresponded not only roughly to the two states of excitation and inhibition, but to the *exact* amount of food that the dog had been accustomed to get. That is to say, the heart-rate change is quantitatively related to the intensity of the conditioned excitation, measured by the amount of salivary secretion. The changes were especially striking when they were measured for only short periods (ten seconds). Corresponding changes were noted in the rate of breathing—a more variable function, however, than heart rate.

A study of the time required for the heart rate to change (made possible by the modern delicate electrical instruments) indicates that the visceral components follow rather than precede the emotional subjective state, thus falling into line with Cannon's animal researches and Whitehorn's clinical studies, and throwing doubt upon the James-Lange theory of emotions.

So much for the normal physiology of the brain in Pavlovian concepts. Many pathological results resembling clinical forms of insanity have been obtained in dogs by limiting the spread of inhibition. For example, confinement of the spread to the motor area of the brain has resulted in hysterical symptoms (paralysis), or schizophrenia, catatonia and catalepsy (boardlike rigidity of the muscles), as described in Pavlov's last book, "Conditioned Reflexes and Psychiatry" (1941).

The pathological researches originated, like so many discoveries, as by-products of another problem. Pavlov stumbled upon the possibility of deliberately producing a neurosis (the experimental neurosis) while engrossed in the study of normal differentiation. At first he did not even recognize the state as a pathological disturbance, and it was ten years before he began to classify the condition as a "neurosis"—using this term in a general sense rather than as an identification with the clinical neurosis. The earliest experiments were made in 1913.

Abstract scientific work which has no practical application, or which is too far separated from general interest in the subject, often goes into oblivion until its importance is recognized years later. It was so with Pavlov's discovery of the production of the experimental neurosis; it was true with the use of malaria as an anti-syphilitic, and with the early papers on the effect of the most important drug in modern medicine, sulfanilamide, recently developed in this country by Marshall and Long. The experimental neurosis attracted little general attention outside of Russia until several years ago. In spite of Pavlov's twenty years of work and that of a decade by Liddell, and contributions by Dworkin, myself and others in this country, the first widespread interest was elicited by the prize-winning paper of Maier on rats at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Richmond, 1937. This was hailed almost as a new discovery.

The description of the experimental neurosis has been now placed on a purely objective basis. The neurosis is produced by strictly physical laws; it is measured not by reference to the inner feelings and analogies with our own subjective states, but by observation of the external behavior. Such objective measures have also been carried out exactingly by John B. Watson in humans. The production of the experimental neurosis is now familiar to most scientists: it is generally known, for instance, that when an animal is conditioned to respond to a signal indicating the presence of food, and not to respond to another signal indicating there is no food present, and then the signals are so altered as to become indistinguishable to him, disturbances of behavior result in a *susceptible* animal. They may be acute, lasting only during the course of an experiment, or they may become chronic, continuing throughout a long period of his life span. In one case the disturbances have persisted for seven years.

As a result of the intensive study of *individuals* among the higher animals (sheep, dog, ape) when placed under nervous strain, it is possible to classify individuals into groups according to the susceptibility to breakdown as well as the direction in which the disorganization occurs, so that we now have in the laboratory a useful procedure for the study of the "constitutional" factor in neurotic behavior.

The experimental neurosis begins with a localized disturbance referred to the focus where it arises. This means that if the animal fails to differentiate between the two signals in the food experiment, the disturbance in behavior is seen only when these signals are used. In a susceptible animal, however, when the condition is not checked at this stage, the disturbance in behavior appears when any of the food signals are used, or even if the animal is brought into the laboratory environment. When the condition becomes chronic, a spread of the disorder may occur to many physiological systems, being reflected in a permanent "neurosis" involving the respiration, heart, kidneys. In one of our animals the sexual system was chiefly involved, so that a condition resembling psychic impotence resulted.

Many of the symptoms which we have produced in our dogs, as enuresis (analogous to bed-wetting in children), respiratory difficulties (suggesting human asthma), disturbance of sexual reflexes (similar to premature ejaculation) are often observed in the human patient, but the origin cannot be so easily traced. I have produced one or several of these neurotic traits in one of my dogs, for a period of four to five years, simply by bringing him into the old environment without reproducing the original conflict.

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A further interesting fact was observed which reveals clearly the illogical and often incomprehensible basis of prejudice. *Any* new stimulus which occurs in the old environment, though it may come years after the conflict and without ever having been associated with the environment during the conflict, acquires the property of calling out the symptoms of the breakdown resulting from the original conflict. Thus, the stimulus provided by any person, food or tone, or a light combined with one of those stimuli which formerly brought out a conflict, after a few such combinations, can of itself evoke the neurotic symptoms. Without a stretch of the imagination it is clear that human prejudice might arise for no better reason than that the innocent cause of the prejudiced reaction had some time occurred in the same setting with some other object intimately related to the neurosis. Popular judgment supports this view with the proverb "Birds of a feather flock together," which though often a false generalization, has a basis in fact, as can now be verified in the laboratory by measuring the emotional response of the exposed organism.

The spread of the conflict so that it is expressed by unrelated symptoms in other physiological systems (respiratory, cardiac, urinary, sexual) is both biologically useless and irrational. But the fact stands that such a thing is possible and recurs with clocklike regularity, in defiance of teleology. We are forced back upon the dictum of Claude Bernard that science can tell *how*, in what circumstances an event occurs, but not *why*.

Moreover, one of the most powerful and natural inborn reflexes, at the basis of the attaining of food, can be suppressed by conditioning so that the animal's responses do not correspond with biological needs, but are expressed by many diverse symptoms in other centers, resulting in perversions, or the so-called neuroses. It is permissible to deduce that the whole system of war is not, as formerly thought, necessarily based on economic considerations but partly on less logical reasons, which depend upon the stimulation of unconditioned reflexes other than those usually considered dominant (food and sexual) and accompany emotions, such as fear, defense, mass or mob movements, etc. The total conscious activity of the human being is traditional in the sense that he reacts according to inborn connections, leading to those same emotions that, once activated, have from time immemorial determined similarly his reactions and for no better reason than that they have previously (by virtue of structure or of chance) so acted together.

While the laboratory shows us the irrevocable fatalism of environment plus individual, it also supports a hope based upon the knowledge of the reactions resulting from environment minus individual.

W. HORSLEY GANTT

No Discharge

I do not believe that Heaven and Hell are in different places,
I do not believe that the utmost anguish of the damned
Could ever damp the bliss of neighboring saints.
I do not believe there have ever been complaints
From any of the Twenty-four Elders or Seven Spirits
About things like the smell of brimstone. "At first it seems strong,"
They confess, "but one does not notice it for long,
And we keep our incense burning night and day."
"While as for groaning and gnashing of teeth," the angels say,
"What with the noise of golden harps and new song
They scarcely worry us at all." To a recent guest,
Shy at first amid so much goodness, wondering
Whether one can ever really be friends with the Blest,
Gazing down at the unconsumable Phoenix nest,
At the obstinate host whose daily bread is destruction
(But none can cease to suffer by being destroyed)
To such, a hospitable Elder will often come
Saying, "Meet me here when it's dark. You have never enjoyed
Beauty on earth such as I will show you tonight—
The fires of Hell reflected in the Glassy Sea."
The hours of evening pass; his golden crown, a little tight,
Tires him at first, his unaccustomed wings
Bewilder him, his fingers on the golden strings
Find disconcerting music, and his voice
Startles him with its raptures when he sings.
Darkness drops; he stands by the smiling Elder
Wing to wing. Shall he look up or down?
At the rose-leaf Phantom caught in this glacier of Heaven?
At the scarlet Fury prancing over Hell-town?
"It's wonderful to look at, isn't it?" an Elder once said,
"Surely this alone makes it worth while to be dead!"

So Heaven and Hell live side by side,
And such troubles as happen are of the mildest kind.
Now and again the dull, the gentle damned
Stir, and some salvaged Lucifer will try
To organize revolt. Which Heaven does not mind.
What does it mean? A few lost spirits clutching
Charred banners with the motto "We want wings,"
Or "Harps for Hell," or "Golden crowns for all."
The unpresentable, scrap-heap Lucifer flings
A written protest over Heaven's wall.
"They're bound to answer," "This time they must do something—"
The meek spirits whisper, waiting outside.
Hours go by. Suddenly a terrible light
Flashes over them. Is it some new device
For blistering Hell—for cutting off their retreat?
No! That transcendent whiteness is the Angel of Day
Telling them quietly but firmly to go away.

ARTHUR WALEY

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Washington Notes

FDR Outsmarts John L.

JOHN L. LEWIS had his fling—his last, it is to be devoutly hoped. He came out of it with an excellent contract for his miners and in full control of their union. While he was kicking up his heels, Philip Murray slipped the CIO out from under him. Murray came back from Detroit with the organization securely in his pocket. Lewis may snatch it back eventually, but certainly not right away. Murray's handling of the convention demonstrated his statesmanship but it did not prove conclusively that he can maintain his independence of Lewis in the long pull.

The real winner of the engagement was President Roosevelt. Refusing either to be bluffed by Lewis or panicked by public opinion, he emerged from the melee with the friendship of labor and the respect of those who had joined in the clamor for a crack-down. No incident in his whole career had shown his stature to such good advantage. He endured Lewis' insults and countered Lewis' tricks without losing sight of his objective or control of his temper. The mines can now operate without interruption and legislation governing industrial relations for the duration of the emergency can be passed in an atmosphere of relative calm.

Lewis' victory was an empty one measured by his own ambitions. He obviously had hoped to keep the CIO out of the interventionist camp and to reëstablish himself as actual if not nominal leader of the organization he founded. He also had hoped to run Sidney Hillman out of the government. If his own pre-convention maneuvers left any doubt about his aims, this doubt was dispelled by the bungling of his daughter Kathryn and his brother Denny in their leadership of the Lewis forces at Detroit. They so completely misjudged the temper of the delegates that Kathryn tried to modify the foreign-policy resolution in committee and Denny insisted upon a resolution censuring Hillman for his handling of the Currier case. Frustrated in both efforts, the Lewisites put on a gorilla act that will not quickly be forgotten by their colleagues.

Not that the Lewis crowd is washed up. It still owns the biggest union and the biggest treasury in the CIO. It can still make trouble for President Roosevelt and his national-defense program through manipulation of District 50 of the UMW, the new organization of chemical workers, Denny's United Construction Workers and the organization of oil workers now being built by Lewis' friend, Edwin S. Smith, former member of the National Labor Relations Board. Even so, the field for mischief has been narrowed to a small slice of what it once was. Some of the damage done by Lewis' rampage probably is irreparable. Congress will insist upon passing legislation, but what kind is still uncertain. If the President can overcome the influence of the Southern wild men, this legislation will be reasonable and in the long run to the advantage of labor itself.

The National Defense Mediation Board, which was in a fair way to establish itself as a substitute for strikes in the settlement of industrial disputes when Lewis threw the monkey wrench and Murray walked out rather than stay to help remove it, seems to have been wrecked beyond salvage. Murray might be able to save it by leading the CIO members back into the fold. But it could never get back the confidence it once commanded. For his own part in its destruction, Murray has much for which to atone. There will be little disposition in the government to accept his industrial-board plan for full labor participation in defense-policy-making until he can live down his reputation as a player who picks up his marbles and goes home the first time he loses.

However it all ends, the outcome will be better than the worst that might have happened had the President sent troops into the mining country, where trigger fingers are impulsive and deliberate provocation to violence is not an unknown tactic. Nothing could have suited Lewis' purposes better than military intervention. In fact, it is probably no coincidence that he gave up the fight when it became apparent that Roosevelt had no intention of calling out troops. There were, of course, other factors, not the least of them reports that the miners were gladly spending the Thanksgiving week hunting and feasting but that they would be thinking about pay envelopes again when their wives began to make ready for Christmas.

The President's most telling argument for arbitration was his appointment of John R. Steelman, head of the Labor Department's Conciliation Service, as arbitrator. Steelman handled the mine dispute in its earliest stages and helped Lewis keep it out of the hands of the Mediation Board long after the board should have had it. Lewis gets along well with him, which means that he habitually sees great merit in Lewis' arguments.

Now that the House has opened the season on Representative Hamilton Fish by denying him immunity from subpoena except during congressional working hours, the grand jury investigating Nazi propaganda will make another effort to catch him. Nobody expects it to be easy. Fish obviously is determined not to testify under oath about the isolationist speeches he and other congressmen have inserted in The Congressional Record and the way they have been circulated postage-free by organizations taking orders from German agents. But if he does testify, some sensational developments can be expected. While waiting for him, officials in charge of the investigation found a German-controlled short-wave radio station in the Middle West. They found it in spite of the apathy of the FBI, which for some reason has been reluctant to coöperate.

Oil exports to Spain are to be investigated by the administration and perhaps by Congress. Recently it was discovered that Treasury and State Department reports on Spanish oil shipments were not identical. Now large-scale smuggling of oil from Texas ports to the Franco government is suspected.

The House has again turned down the Hobbs concentration-camp bill. This time a coalition of conservative Republicans and New Deal Democrats did the trick. Both sides claimed support from the Justice Department but the opposition seems to have had it.

Washington T. R. B.

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Valley with Shadows

"How green was my valley" is the kind of material the movies are always banking on to answer the demand always being made on them: Why don't you *do* something? It is the picture from the book by Richard Llewellyn, made with great expense and great care and with every intention of fidelity. It is a good job, going into life for both hard times and good times, for sorrow and the fresh gust of laughter alike. But just as the book sprawled, so the story sprawls here, and it seems that too much of the craft of films has had to be deployed in the overcoming of factors that are not essentially film stuff. The full force of a picture, that is to say, is not here in full force.

The story starts with an I-remember-I-remember from the man who is now grown, now leaving his native valley in the coal deposits of Wales; the camera goes under his words and back to the town and house where he was a boy, the youngest son of a family of proud miners. And it is from the life of this family as a center that the episodes of the story proceed, with an occasional comment or bridging from the narrator. The boy is growing up as the inevitable forces of modern industrialism are growing up and the pleasant, respectable life of the community is growing down. Wages are cut and cut again, and the young men, including the sons of the family, are urgent for union and a strike in self-defense. But to the old man, the rock of ages among the hard-working, good-living people of that town, such talk flies in the face of his father and his grandfather, and thus of God.

The strike is settled after hard months (the full meaning of hunger and fear in so bleak a condition has been better handled in other pictures); and already there are men in the valley who will never find a day's work in it again. Meanwhile the emphasis of the narrative has been shifting to other matters of family life. One of the sons is married and then killed in the mine. The daughter is in love with the young parson, and since he has married the Church, she takes a miserable fop instead. Later there is a baseless but crushing scandal, for the village is running down below the clean honest dirt of coal-dust these times. The parson is both tutor and guardian angel to the boy, who is finally old enough to go to school and get his lumps, and who breaks his father's heart because he would rather go into the mines than the university. And at the end of this two hours in the theatre, there is a mine explosion in which the old man dies.

Too long and too various. The trouble is not with the fine things in this sincere piece of work, but with the structure holding them. Just as he did in "The Long Voyage Home," John Ford has been willing to take on a weak continuity for the sake of the rich stuff he can get out of the separate parts, in atmosphere, character, situation. And continuity by any dramatic standard is not an empty word, a formula for the well pressed and trivial. It signifies that cumulative power of a story, of a statement of conflict, when it progresses from its elected point to its stern, inevitable end. Neither is unity merely another word for reviewers to use like a crutch. For the effect alone there should be a steady and observable purpose, and all the intrusions of the extraneous and absurd, as from life, should be made to work for this purpose, becoming genuinely a part of it, for it is truer in the theatre than in early colonies that those who do not work shall not finally eat.

But this is a John Ford picture, and nobody who can learn about movies will suppose that Ford will get a story he likes and not have enough say as to writers and actors so that things can't happen. Ford got Philip Dunne to make a movie script out of "How Green Was My Valley," and the book was gradually adapted and smoothed out so that there would be no jar in transition between the living room and the high street to the town's center, yet so there would remain the roughness of working hands and people living as their fathers had lived, all in its natural simplicity through the delicate prism of the form's technical demand. Working in a major studio, the director had the best resources of the art and music departments at his command, the most likely actors available. He had him a Welsh village built among the hills of California; and when against this impeccable reproduction there was a scene to be played in the heart of things, he had his writer to dig it out and gauge it for motion, and he had the people who knew how to understand him and whom he knew when to leave alone.

Among the towering figures of theatrical presentation there will from now on be Donald Crisp as the father, as low but essential in his society as a cornerstone, in his home life the despot first, with the benevolence never acknowledged but forever lurking after. As the kid of the family, Roddy MacDowell gets a lot of play, and is no more pretentious than actual boys are (though possibly a little more soulful, wistful, wide-eyed). There are good people all through the cast, almost none of them speaking with a Welsh tongue, and there is above them and against Donald Crisp the chunky and dynamic figure of Sara Allgood as the wife, capable as always in the sharp back of her hand and anchored bulk of her conviction. But it is Donald Crisp's picture when all the results are in. In the story it is his family, to command and to stand for, and by his majestic simplicity in the fine things of an actor's projection, he manages to command as well the sympathy and understanding of those who look at the screen to see a man in his trouble. His part is not easily compared with other parts because it has its own solidity in special character. It has pathos with no quarter asked, it has ancient authority, and it has the play all through of delicacies roughly hidden, of sentiment and shrewd humor, as though you had covered over with rubble and found again some fine and twenty-jewel mechanism.

The picture as a whole is nothing so much as a return to the gone days of boyhood in their proper setting, with the family bickering and eating its healthy fill under the big and final fellow at the head of the table. And if Donald Crisp and the others bring the reality of life out of these scenes—too nearly perfect in the reproduction and not nearly perfect enough in even the illusion of Art Miller's camera work—it is because they were worked over by men who had an abiding interest in people. The deepest things in the picture are the incidental things, but they are thoroughly realized, they are vivid to us, and John Ford did not leave them there by chance. He and his people had something, and they knew it, and believing that what they had was good, they made it so.

OTIS FERGUSON

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A Communication

Mexico and the Good-Neighbor Policy

SIR: This summer I went to Mexico at the invitation of the Mexican government to consult with the astronomers of the new national observatory at Tonanzintla, Puebla, concerning a joint program of research for Tonanzintla and Harvard. Through public lectures and conferences with government officials I came into contact with a great variety of people. One returns from such a visit with the impression that the good-neighbor policy of the Roosevelt administration has done much toward improving relations between the United States and Mexico. Politically and economically we seem to be definitely on the right track, but when one becomes further acquainted with Mexico one soon discovers that the cultural ties between our two nations are still weak.

If we wish to extend our program of cultural rapprochement, we must take into account that: (1) the Mexicans are unquestionably rather sensitive about certain American attitudes that have prevailed in the past; (2) they have some definite opinions of their own on the subject; (3) we in the United States know generally far too little about Mexican culture.

To take an example: the Mexicans are sensitive about the Spanish language. The representatives of American business interests have all too frequently in the past considered it beneath their dignity to learn to speak Spanish. They sent their children to schools where English was spoken and excluded Spanish-speaking people from their social circles.

The encouragement of the study of Spanish in our high schools and colleges is most important as an aid to the good-neighbor policy. Judging from what I heard throughout Mexico, the success of Vice President Wallace's visit to Mexico City was in no small measure due to his knowledge of Spanish and the delivery of his major address in that language.

In Mexico culture is and has always been highly esteemed. But Mexico is not a rich country, and is sorely in need of support for her institutions of higher learning. There are excellent scholars in the universities but often they lack well equipped libraries and laboratories. Our scientific foundations could do their part for hemisphere solidarity by increasing aid to Mexican universities and by making available funds for the construction of hospitals and special laboratories.

In the past, our American scientific foundations have brought to the United States young Mexican scholars for graduate study. That work has been highly effective, and some of the leading Mexican intellectuals have profited by the plan. Such men need further help after their return to Mexico. They should be given the facilities necessary to carry on the proper teaching of their subjects and for carrying out research in their chosen fields.

Our government and the various scientific foundations can further Mexican education greatly by making available to the Mexican government and to the universities American lecturers of proved ability who speak Spanish sufficiently well to be able to lecture in this language. The universities would welcome lecturers from the United States who are acknowledged leaders in their fields of study. Not only could these men do useful work through their lectures, but they could discuss research plans with their Mexican colleagues and work for the establishment of joint programs. Similarly, we should encourage regular visits from Mexican scholars to our universities.

Cultural relations, however, need not be limited to the universities. In the field of education there is demand for help in projects related to adult education. In the state of Puebla, Governor Gonzola Bautista told me of the fine work that the local government is doing in adult education. The interest in lectures in popular science, philosophy, literature and other subjects is fully as great in the city of Puebla as in any American city, and we of the United States can do much to support the Mexican movement. The Mexican public is interested in modern science. One feels that it would be a great thing if Latin America could receive a Spanish edition of our American Science News Letter, the news releases from Science Service and translations of our best popular scientific books.

I have largely confined my remarks so far to matters of scientific coöperation, since this happens to be the subject on which I can speak with some authority. It is, however, clear that our efforts should reach into many other fields. Mexican culture is beginning to affect our artistic tastes, but too few of us realize the beauty, charm and expert workmanship of native Mexican handicrafts. Mexican music, painting and dances have only just begun to exert an influence on our own national culture. We of the United States have in return much to offer to Mexico. The literate Mexicans, who are becoming more and more numerous through the government's program of education, are great readers and they would welcome more translations into Spanish of the best of our American literature. The Latin American editions of The Reader's Digest and the daily column in Spanish of Time are steps in the right direction.

If we sincerely wish to establish better cultural relations with Mexico we should treat the Mexicans as our equals. One of the most severe existing handicaps for permanent friendship with Mexico is the unfair treatment accorded to Mexicans and American citizens of Mexican descent in our border states.

During my stay in Mexico I encountered very few signs of Nazi activity. The Mexican government today is clearly anti-fascist and pro-United States. That in this stand it has the support of the Mexican people was shown by the way in which all but the few obviously fascist papers hailed the closing by the Mexican government of the German consulates in Mexico. On August 31, I had the good fortune to witness a labor parade in Mexico City in which 300,000 people took part. The anti-Nazi placards that were carried in this parade left no doubt about the attitude of Mexican labor. The people of the new Mexico realize that most of the social gains of the Mexican revolution would be lost should Mexico turn fascist.

The establishment of better cultural relations between Mexico and the United States represents probably one of our most urgent problems. By doing a good job now we would not only be making a wise political move, but would find that our own culture gained in the act.

Harvard Observatory, Cambridge, Mass. BART J. BOK

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The Bandwagon

"I consider Proportional Representation the most un-American, most diabolical system ever yet devised to hoodwink the voters," Mrs. Rita Casey [newly elected City Council member from Brooklyn] states.

Proportional Representation sounds "just lovely" she said, but actually it is an excessively costly system. Further, she believes, the system was responsible for the fall of France. – *From The Brooklyn Eagle.*

Ruby Halladay, red-haired Chicago singer, arrives in New York from Europe and remarks she "knew it was time to leave" France when it appeared there might be a shortage of henna. – *Caption on an AP Wirephoto in The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Nonsense

Driving Automobile Risky When One Is Ill or Doped. – *Heading on Dr. Irving S. Cutter's column in The New York Sunday News.*

Kicking Him All the Way Upstairs?

Baron Yoshiro Sakatani, 78, member of the House of Peers and long an advocate of Japanese-American amity, was critically ill today of bronchitis. The Emperor, informed of Sakatani's illness, elevated him to the rank of viscount. The promotion was regarded as indicating the official belief that Sakatani would not recover. – *From The Washington Times-Herald.*

Skoal!

Bar—With brass rail, velocipede and scooter. – *For-sale advertisement in The Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

All Quiet on the Literary Front

A half-dozen French and English officers hiding in the cellar of a famous farmhouse, beyond which the German juggernaut of 1940 has rolled on toward Paris, talking about war and peace, killing a German soldier who falls into their hands, finally being killed themselves: this almost eventless scenario constitutes the entire plot of Miss Jameson's "The Fort." – *From a book review in The Nation.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

French Collaboration

SIR: Ambassador Henry-Haye made a very moving appeal at the University of North Carolina here on November 11 for America to send food to France. In effect, he used the forum of the University's International Relations Club and the microphone of WORL to appeal to the people of the United States over the heads of Secretary Hull and President Roosevelt.

If nothing more were involved in that appeal than the feeding of starving women and children, his words might have fallen on more sympathetic ears. But the case is not that simple.

In France, as in Norway, Holland and all the other countries that are under the grinding heel of Hitler, any food that we send would only make it possible for the Nazi conquerors to draw off food, coal, etc., from the minimum that they must leave in those countries to keep them at work for the Hitler war machine. In Holland and Norway both the legitimate governments and the masses of people are continuing as best they can their battle against the Nazi inundation, but in France, Admiral Darlan, Pierre Laval and the entire coterie of Fascist-minded reactionaries that surround old Papa Pétain have apparently made up their minds, like our own Colonel Lindbergh and Senator Wheeler, that the Nazis are going to beat the world into submission to their New Order and that the best thing they can do for France, for America and for the world is to help Hitler.

The present Vichy-French government has been and is collaborating more and more fully, and more and more openly, with the conquerors of France. France's factories, shipyards and airfields are at the disposal of the Germans. French sympathizers are handed over to the Gestapo, or, if they escape to England, are outlawed and martyrized. All enemies of the Nazis and all refugees in France are being ruthlessly hunted down and handed over to "liquidation" by the Gestapo and its underlings in France, Italy, Germany, Spain, etc. French ships have been intercepted by the British navy in the act of transporting war supplies and food for the Axis powers, and with orders to scuttle rather than fall into the hands of the British. A French legion has been recruited for service against France's former ally—Russia. French warships have fought British warships. And French North Africa has been utilized as a very thinly disguised base of operations by German "tourists."

To do anything that would help keep in power a French regime like that is no kindness to the people of France. It is another form of that repeated crime of appeasement that has delivered the friends of Democracy and liberty into the hands of their enemies. What we should do is take a strong stand against the increasing (and increasingly willing) "collaboration" of the Pétain-Laval government with the Nazi war effort; cut off our diplomatic relations with Vichy; recognize the De Gaulle regime as the true government of Free France; and devote all our food, our energies and our ships to strengthen the forces opposed to the Nazi-Fascist-Japanese dreams of world domination, wherever those forces are continuing their battle.

Chapel Hill, N. C. HARVEY LEBRUN

The United States Army

Here are two more letters from trainees. Again we point out that these are first impressions. – THE EDITORS

SIR: My company is a quartermaster outfit, to be trained in truck repairs, and to be equipped with machine shops on wheels for the job. I say "to be," for so far we have received no mechanical equipment and only a few lectures on the construction of a truck. These lectures are always prefaced by a statement of the instructor that he doesn't expect us to remember a hell of a lot of what he says: only practice will teach us. In short, our special training (after five weeks) hasn't begun yet.

Other lectures have been on gas warfare, rifle and pistol cleaning, military courtesy, camouflage, protection against rattlesnakes

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and sex (the women around camp being considered the more dangerous of the last two). One of the talks on gas warfare was well delivered and instructive. Of the lectures as a whole, one must report that they are quite haphazard, delivered without enthusiasm and received the same way.

Our military practice consists of regular drill, plus an occasional hike in the country for variety. We are far from overworked in this department. As an aid to body-building, I could use more of it; as valuable training to men who are going to be around trucks all the time, I can't see it.

The officers, noncoms and coms, are personally nice men, considerate and courteous. I have met no such examples of brutality and even sadism as I saw at Camp Upton, our "reception center" of unpleasant memory.

Our tents are fairly well built; the latrines are satisfactory. The food is usually plentiful and well prepared. I think we have too much starch and not enough greens, but our mess officers seem receptive to suggestions from the men. (However, there seems to be quite a divergence in the quality of meals found in different mess-halls.) That part of our clothes that is new is of good quality; those we received at Upton very often did not fit, while those we got here do.

The question of morale is a ticklish one, because American boys notoriously have a cynical and hard-boiled surface. There is a lot of griping, of course, but the complaints I think they should make, they don't. I believe most of them realize the necessity of the draft, but few show any spirit, and their joy in finding themselves in the Q. M. is founded on their hope of learning a trade. They distinctly are not interested in fighting outside our own borders.

What is the army doing for their morale? So far, I have seen just two things. First, it looks after their physical needs. Second, it, as represented by our looie, encourages us to sing on our marches through the countryside.

During a recent lecture, when we were encouraged to get it off our chest, I asked the lieutenant if he didn't consider it an important part of the officers' task to discuss: What is this all about? How did we get here? What forces are driving us forward and to where? What is this democracy we are defending? I didn't get far. I was told I was "saucy and impertinent." And much more. But what dismayed me much more was the impatience, even booing, from so many fellows. We were here to learn to defend our country—wasn't that simple enough? "Are you afraid to fight?" etc.

The army, in its turn, has cause for complaint. As I said, too many men still expect hotel service. There is a lot of gold-bricking.

One must not forget, in all this, that it is the phonies and the greedy ones whom one notices most in a company. There is probably a substantial minority that is serious about this business and is thinking about tomorrow as well as today. If they are to spread, without fear of punishment, their hopes and ideals for a better world, pressure must be exerted on the army from forces not under military law.

Camp Hulen, Tex. A. L. B.

SIR: I joined the army last October so I could get my required term over as soon as possible. Since I have been in it I have noticed many things which I thought were nonexistent. I found that politics enter into every department in the army, particularly in the system of issuing food and clothing and in the making of new officers. I found that racial discrimination enters into the scheme of things; that favoritism is the way non-commissioned officers are made.

Soldiers in most companies are confined too much to camp. We are given passes which state we can stay out until 10:30 p.m. This hardly gives a boy a chance to go to the movies. It is about 7 o'clock before we can leave camp and 7:45 when we arrive in town in an overcrowded bus (the local bus companies are thriving on the camp business). It was three months before a suitable place could be found where soldiers could relax.

I have noticed that canteens in the camps do a flourishing business and merchandise is sold at standard retail prices. The canteens could sell this merchandise a little above cost price and still make a tremendous profit. The local stores remind one of a gold-mining town. They are getting theirs while the getting is good. There are many loan companies in town that charge loan-shark interest and get away with it.

Fort McClellan, Ala. PRIVATE C. S.

What Is Happening in India?

SIR: According to a New Delhi dispatch of November 10, 1941, Subhas Chandra Bose, famous Indian leader, "has gone over to the enemy" and is believed to have signed a pact with the Axis designed to lead to an invasion of India.

In the absence of more definite evidence of its authenticity I am extremely skeptical of this news for the following reasons: Bose was twice elected president of the Indian National Congress, which has consistently denounced all that Hitler represents, and Bose, to my knowledge, has never repudiated that stand of the Congress. He has assailed Congress for its failure to overthrow Britain's rule now, but has never advocated this course at the risk of getting Hitler's rule. On reading Hitler's reference in "Mein Kampf" to the people of India as colored and backward and fit forever to be ruled by Britain, Bose declared in the presence of a friend of mine that he would never set his foot on German soil so long as Hitler was in power. Bose has been the acknowledged leader of the left-wingers in India, most of whom are now advocating speedy and effective aid to Russia. It is incredible that their leader should join Russia's enemy.

Even assuming that Bose has undergone a sudden change of heart, who is to follow him in his present course? Not the Congress, not the socialists, not the Moslem League, certainly not the princes. And India is not a commodity that Bose can barter away to anyone at his whim. It may be Britain's attempt to discredit in the eyes of the world, Bose, her inveterate foe, in India, or a Nazi attempt to show that India's great leader is on their side. If India ever fell to Hitler it would be because British Tories had failed to win the confidence of the people of India and to arm them to repel any invasion, and not because Bose or anyone else had signed India away.

New York City ANUP SINGH

From The New Republic Mail Bag

E. T. Weiser, Phoenix, Arizona, feels that to allow inflation to take place would be a crime and suggests: "Taxation adequate to pay-as-we-go; maximums set on prices, rents and wages; and moritoriums on debts during the emergency."

A copy of the August issue of the Free French magazine, La France Libre, written in French and published in London, has just reached us. In addition to its articles (one of which is by Vincent Sheean) it contains an interesting section of reprints of papers circulated in France by the partisans of de Gaulle *"en secret, au peril de leur vie."* These pamphlets expose to the people their weak leaders at Vichy: "They pretended that it was necessary to make a deal with the enemy, but experience proves otherwise. Norway, Holland and Belgium, completely overrun, have carried on the fight at sea and in their vast colonial territories. Their lot is no harder than ours."

A correspondent sends us an announcement of a conference on "Labor in National Defense" to be held on December 6 and 7 at the Baker Library of Harvard Business School.

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Books in Review

Rebecca West's Journey

THERE IS scarcely a country in the world whose bibliography does not include works from the pens of English authors, mainly of the types of the colonial governor's twenty-years-with-rod-and-gun-in-Nyassaland and the almost freak reports of wandering oddities. The height of the tradition is reached when the author is impelled by something more than a collection of horns and exotic brassware or by the satisfaction of being a strange, and therefore *noticed*, figure in the midst of gaping primitives. The books that count for something are those in which the country visited has served as a threshing ground for a tormented mind, a country to which the writer has been drawn by a belief that its truths are his, and that his sufferings will cancel out by being merged in the historical sufferings of a people. Early in her book[1] Miss West expresses simply this strongly personalized bond:

> The [Dalmatian] woman who sat on the stone wall was in want because the gold which should have been handed down to her had bought my safety from the Turks. Impotent and embarrassed, I stood on the high mountain and looked down on the terraced island where my saviors, small and black as ants, ran here and there, attempting to repair their damage.

And when she looks back on her life it has been "punctuated by the slaughter of [Central European] royalties," by newsboys running "to tell me" that an assassination has come off. Lying ill, after an operation, she sees in a newsreel the body of King Alexander of Yugoslavia, and finds "he is lying almost flat on his back on the seat, and he is as I was after the anesthetic."

This strongly egocentric train of thought follows two courses in these volumes. At first it provokes the vision of the spectator looking down on the ants from their own mountaintop—and the observations that emerge would alone make a travel book of sorts. It is worth saying something about this aspect of the book, for here are the surface pleasure and comedy derived from a sharp mind acting unremittingly out of willful prejudice. Here are the wit and sarcasm of a good hater, disposing of the objectionable with the arbitrariness of majesty and often hitting at the weak point regardless of whether or not it is important. Some of the most repeated adjectives are "imbecilic," "stupid" and "idiotic" ("[Tolstoy's] imbecile work 'What Is Art?' "); we meet unfortunates who are "without sense or bowels" or are "creatures with defective sensoria." Women in general are "excessively private" people and therefore liable to be "idiots"; men, who will not leave the broader things of life alone, are differentiated as "lunatics." D'Annunzio is flayed for his baldness: when Miss West heard him address a Fascist mob she reflected that the battle for feminism would be won only when a country permitted itself to be "led to the brink of war by its passion for a totally bald woman writer." Premier Stoyadinovich sought to embrace evil, but "Mephistopheles makes it a rule to put back all Fausts under a certain size." Nuns are "the only members of their sex who go into fancy dress and wear uniforms as men love to do"; they are liable to instil "monstrous male rubbish" into the heads of their charges. Unlike them are those who, determined to be broad-minded, "stretch their minds till they fall apart in idiocy." Elizabeth of Austria is respected for having thought "like a liberal and an Empress"; so are peasants who remain "unanesthetized by loutishness" and "a lifetime spent in the service of oafs." As for the romantic female who died at Mayerling, she was "a very fat and plain little girl, bouncing with a vulgar ardor stimulated by improper French novels." The complete air of outraged royalty sweeps in when Miss West is confronted by degraded taste, as in the case of the basin which a priest in Dubrovnik expected her to admire:

> The basin is strewn inside with extremely realistic fern leaves and shells, among which are equally realistic eels, lizards and snails, all enameled in their natural colors. It has the infinite elaborateness of eczema, and to add the last touch of unpleasantness these animals are loosely fixed to the basin so that they may wobble and give an illusion of movement.

I have quoted these sections freely because they are the keys to the strictly personal aspect of "Black Lamb and Gray Falcon." The style in which they are framed explains the author's appreciation of the love of embellishment she found in Macedonia, while the positiveness they express are echoed in her love for a country "where men are still men and women still women" (*sic*), where the former can still "beget children" on the latter, where homosexuality is rare and the "free, positive, creative character" does not "skimp [its] emotional expenditure." This is all recognizably the retelling of a tale we know all too well; the quest of the frustrated Western intellectual for a Nirvana of vitality and self-expression. Miss West does not hide this fact; she says that "in this mechanized age I am as little able to understand my environment as any primitive woman who thinks that a waterfall is inhabited by a spirit," and she speaks warmly of "the muscular wisdom" of "an unmechanized race."

Were her thinking to reach no farther than this plain comparison between the natural and the sophisticated her book would have little to set it apart. In fact, however, she goes on to present these conflicting attitudes in the framework of the story of Yugoslavia, in a picture of its inhabitants' suffering at the hands of nations which scorned their victims as barbarians and extolled their own rigid systems as examples of civilized conduct. It is here that the full swell and pageantry of these volumes take hold; when the writer has left her small dogmatisms and applied her full powers to the story of centuries of tyranny and rebellion. It is at these admirable moments that one most regrets her

[1] Black Lamb and Gray Falcon: A Journey Through Yugoslavia, by Rebecca West. New York: The Viking Press. Two vols, 1,181 pages. Illustrated, with maps. $7.50.

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prejudices and would wish to forget her generalized approach in admiration for her descriptive powers. Her picture of Austrian domination over the Slavs, for instance, is as cutting and impassioned as could be wished, yet it is drawn as though all Austria shared in the crimes of her monarchy; as though her peasants had never known the name of Andreas Hofer and were as restricted and lusterless in their emotions as the scions who ruled them. This is prejudice in the grand and foolish manner, with love of the Slavs forcing the writer to insist that "Hitler is not a German but an Austrian, and nothing he has brought to post-war Germany had not its existence in pre-war Austria."

For all the detailed history of Yugoslavia and the lengthy accounts of towns and cities visited, the intent of this book is directed far beyond the relatively limited area of Balkan affairs. The black lamb and the gray falcon of the title are, in the book's earlier stages, the simple symbols of the peasant and the industrialist, the Macedonian and the Turk, the Slav and the Austrian. But in the later chapters they come to stand for human attitudes of universal significance today. In the last twenty years we have watched the lamb become a symbol of all that is desirable among civilized nations. The rejection of the falcon's tyranny has provoked not a determination to fight it but rather the belief that virtue will result from submission to it, "that by making a gift to death one will receive a gift of life." The liberal has reasoned that "Since it is wrong to be the priest and sacrifice the lamb, I will be the lamb and be sacrificed by the priest." Thus, we concluded that "doom was honorable for innocent things, and conceded that if we spoke of kindliness and recommended peace it was fitting that afterwards the knife should be passed across our throats." It was thus that the Slavs were defeated by the Turks at Kossovo; it was thus that England entered into the "white winter of the spirit" from which she never emerged until Dunkirk:

> In the country it sometimes happens that the sleeper awakes to an unaccustomed stillness. It is as if silence stretched for miles above him, miles around him; and daybreak does not bring the usual sounds. He goes to his window and finds that the world is under snow. . . . No birds and beasts are abroad, and no laborer comes out to work. Nothing is heard but the singing of the blood in the ears, and in a pure light forms stand forth in their purity. The air, too, is cleansed by cold and is like absolution in the nostrils. . . . The snowfall is an austere and invigorating delight, but if month passes month, and the snow still lies and the waters are still black, life is threatened. . . . We tell ourselves, when the whiteness lasts too long, that all seasons have their term and that spring has always come in time. . . . But it may not happen so next year. Winter has often made this visit that far outstays safety. . . . Snow has covered first threshold, then windows, then chimneys of many an upland farm, enclosing at the last a silence that does not thaw in the spring.

And side by side with this symbolic picture is set the prophetic image of the country whose white winter opens it to conquest and reduces it to the degradation suffered by the Serbs before the First World War:

> Five centuries hence gentleness would be forgotten by our people; loutish men would bind plowshares to their women's backs and walk beside them unashamed, we would grow careless of our dung, ornament and the use of foreign tongues and the discoveries made by the past genius of our race would be phantoms that sometimes troubled the memory; and over the land would be the foul jetsam left by the receding tide of a conquering race. In a *Denkmal* erected to a German aviator the descendant of his sergeant in the sixteenth generation . . . would show a coffin with a rotting swastika flag, and would praise the dead in a set, half-comprehended speech, and point at faded photographs on the peeling wall, naming the thin one Goering and the fat one Goebbels; and about the tomb of a murdered *Gauleiter* women wearing lank blond plaits, listless with lack of possessions, would picnic among the long grasses in some last recollection of the Strength Through Joy movement. . . . In the towns homeless children . . . would slip into eating-houses and grovel on the dirty floor for cigarette-butts dropped by diners reared in a society for long ignorant of the nice. That is defeat, when a people's economy and culture are destroyed by an invader; that is conquest, that is what happens when a people travels too far from the base where it has struck its roots.

And that is the final message and warning of these volumes. It is reached by a detailed process of analysis in which the author gives place to the Slav peoples, and these peoples in their turn give place to the historic threat of the barbarian against the lethargic cultured. Until this work appeared the doctrine that the meek shall inherit the earth had found its foes in the fascist ranks alone; it has been for Miss West, in a partisan review of vigor and bitterness, to face the enemy by sharing his contempt and turning it against him. That alone is a measure of this book's importance today.

NIGEL DENNIS

Mr. Brooks Dissenting: II

HOW MUCH TRUTH is there in Van Wyck Brooks's indictment of contemporary writing, and how much virtue in the remedies he offers? [1] These are not easy questions for anyone except the editors of Partisan Review, who can find a properly superior answer for anything. "Whatever sneers," Brooks says, "whenever it sneers, is antipathetic to me." Far too much of contemporary literature has been an elaborate form of sneering. Far too much of it has been psychologically diseased and socially harmful, in so far as it has had any social effects whatever. The reaction against it is by no means new, and was certain to be intensified during this period of moral as well as military crisis. But the question is whether Brooks in his "Opinions of Oliver Allston" hasn't carried the reaction dangerously far; and whether he always takes the time to distinguish the human and valuable from what is anti-human.

One example is his furious attack on the Southern school of critics. He is right in saying that they have been academic and isolated from life; that they have shown a tendency to disregard human values in their preoccupation with technique. But this indictment would have carried even more weight had it been properly qualified. I wish that Brooks had found space for something else than ridicule of his near-namesake Cleanth Brooks, whose essay on Yeats is by far the most valuable I have read. In attacking Richard Blackmur, a New Englander who is usually praised or condemned with the Southern critics, he should have recognized the value of Blackmur's technical studies. Brooks himself believes that "such a thing as taste exists, in the sense of a

[1] In his "Opinions of Oliver Allston" (Dutton, $3), which was reviewed last week.

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virtually absolute standard, in minds properly qualified." What Blackmur has done is to cast some light on the nature of literary taste and the judgments it involves.

Brooks's condemnation of the realistic American novelists is much more restrained and is, moreover, in large part justified. It is true that most of them have been *reacting against something*, in Oliver Allston's phrase, far more than they have been *acting in favor of anything*. There are, however, exceptions that Brooks fails to note, and Hemingway is one of them. If he hasn't been writing about the great themes like honor, justice, love and courage—exactly the themes that Brooks recommends to novelists—you wonder what he has spent a lifetime writing about.

The Symbolist writers are a much more complicated subject, and one that Brooks tends to oversimplify. He is right in condemning most of them for their alienation from public interests and ordinary human feelings. He is probably right in suggesting that this alienation has kept them from becoming authors of the first rank. Take Joyce for example: regardless of his extraordinary technical achievements, it is a question whether he was as great a man when he wrote "Finnegans Wake" as when he wrote "A Portrait of the Artist" or even "Dubliners"; and it is a question too whether a lesser man can be as great a writer. But that is quite different from dismissing him as merely "the ash of a burnt-out cigar." The life-drive, which Brooks is always invoking, appears in various forms, not all of which are friendly and cheerful. When Joyce in his later years wrote lines like "Rain on Rahoon falls softly, softly falling," and all the rest of that superb lyric, he was being darkly pessimistic, he was lamenting an irredeemable loss that was only the foretaste of another—"Dark too our hearts, O love, shall lie and cold . . . under the moongray nettles, the black mold"—yet he was not destroying our faith in humankind; he was making us proud that any creature of flesh and years could find such words to express his sorrow.

And what shall we say of Eliot, who, according to Brooks, "avowed a position that only religious feeling could justify, and this appeared nowhere in his writing." Either Brooks has been a totally imperceptive reader, or else he is making this broad statement without having seen "East Coker," "The Dry Salvages" or any other example of Eliot's later work. And before accusing Eliot of failing to perceive the spirit of his time—or of any time—might he not have considered "The Waste Land" as an expression of hidden feelings that would later become externalized in the crisis of European civilization? It is not every poet who has been such a true prophet.

Apparently Brooks is so outraged by the writers who profess to be pessimistic or cosmopolitan or anti-idealistic that he does not always read them carefully or recognize their strength. Conversely, he is altogether too kind to the writers who say, "Ah, I accept life with open arms, I march buoyantly toward the future"—even though the march of their prose is spindly-legged and their acceptance of life is expressed with such forced enthusiasm that it might as well be the acceptance of cold pease porridge. Although he is a fine stylist himself, one of the best, Brooks in his latest book pays too little attention to style in others, forgetting that it reveals the real nature of the writing man. He is falling into the heresy preached by Tolstoy in his later years and later revived as Socialist Realism: the doctrine that a good literary work is one that expresses the proper opinions. If that were actually the secret of literary merit, writers would have an easy time of it, so long as they followed instructions. Critics could be replaced by policemen and professors of moral philosophy.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Knight in Red Armor

Stafford Cripps: Prophetic Rebel, by Eric Estorick. New York: The John Day Company. 285 pages. $2.50.

FOR MORE THAN A DECADE, Sir Stafford Cripps has been one of the most arresting figures in English public life. A brilliant chemist, he became England's leading lawyer. Of aristocratic origins, he proved too radical for the official leadership of the Labor Party. Devastatingly logical and coldly intellectual, shunning all the tricks of the demagogue, he commands rapt attention and profound loyalty among British workers. Feared by Tories as a greater threat to the established order than the Bevins and the Attlees, he is today their ambassador to the Kremlin.

This volume by a young American sociologist is an attempt to introduce Cripps to the American public. The reader will find much of interest and value in Mr. Estorick's pages. The essential biographical data are briefly set forth; so too is the story of Cripps's early activities in the peace movement and his political debut as Solicitor-General in the second Labor government. Most of the book, however, is given over to Cripps the rebel, to an account of his differences with the Labor Party in the past half-dozen years. Here, Estorick tells the tragic tale of labor's ineffectuality during the past decade; its failure adequately to analyze the realities of reaction; its program of Tory appeasement; its inability to rally the country against the pro-fascist governments of Baldwin and Chamberlain. He tells in detail of Cripps's efforts to urge a more vigorous policy on the party: his opposition to sanctions because they were to be administered by a reactionary government no progressive could trust; his conflict with the executive on the Spanish issue; his attempt to merge all sections of the working class into a progressive unity through the United Front; his campaign for an anti-fascist Popular Front against Chamberlain for which he was expelled from the party the very day the fascists were taking Barcelona.

Mr. Estorick has done a good job in presenting the facts of those differences. But he has been somewhat less successful as a biographer. The background of English social development against which Cripps's career must be set is sketchily drawn throughout. There is little real analysis of Cripps's political evolution, of the intellectual influences that drove him progressively leftward until he became a much more thoroughgoing socialist than those who protested that keeping socialism "pure" was more important than ousting Neville Chamberlain. There is an altogether inadequate discussion of the doctrinal basis of Cripps's disagreements with the official views of the party—the fabianism of the political leadership or the opportunism of the trade unionists, and Cripps's class (and essentially Marxist) analysis that gave his utterances their greater realism and insight. Estorick, too, is not the most exciting of writers; he misses much of the drama of Cripps's career.

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But Cripps's stubborn integrity emerges clearly. If, as both his admirers and critics claim, he has never been much of a politician, it is because he has refused to compromise principles with politics. Lloyd George, the archpolitician of them all, once remarked that while a politician keeps his eye on the next election, a statesman looks to the next generation. On that criterion, there is much more of the statesman than the politician in Cripps. And in a period when we shall need statesmanship infinitely more than politics, Cripps may well emerge to the very forefront of world affairs.

Events have placed him strategically. As ambassador to the Soviet, he links the nations that can control the destinies of Europe. He knows the aspirations of the common people of Britain; always pro-Soviet, yet sympathetically critical, he understands the Soviet Union. Rooted in the traditions of English liberalism, he is fully aware that only radical economic change can give substance to the concepts of freedom and equality. A passionate internationalist, he knows deeply that the claims of the Indians or the Chinese are as valid as those of the British or the Americans; and he realizes that no meaningful or enduring peace can be built without the coöperation of the common people of all lands. If his biography has yet to be written, it is largely because his greatest service to democracy still lies in the future. Meanwhile, Estorick's book will serve to tell Americans why increasing numbers of Englishmen, who recognize Churchill's claim to leadership in waging war, regard Cripps as the man who may be called upon in building the peace.

DAVID W. PETEGORSKY

Bid: Three Clubs

Planning the War, by Colonel C. Garsia. New York: Penguin Books. 151 pages. 25 cents.
Douhet and Aerial Warfare, by Louis A. Sigaud. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 134 pages. $1.75.
The Nature of Modern Warfare, by Cyril Falls. New York: Oxford University Press. 117 pages. $1.25.

IN HIS ADMIRABLE BOOK, Colonel Garsia makes a courageous, yet soberly expressed, effort to present forthright doctrine upon two matters absolutely fundamental to a democratic victory. That the supreme direction of the British and Allied war efforts should possess that organizational structure which will permit of the fullest use being made of all potentials, and that this direction should be able to evolve a clear strategic conception of the war, are incontestable necessities. That these essentials have been met, can be asserted by no one. Colonel Garsia is as quietly emphatic in his criticism of the British set-up as he is in calling for the creation of a coördinated direction, as yet nonexistent, for the war efforts of the three major anti-Axis powers.

The organization of a country's war effort should be appropriate to that strategic plan which, upon realistic appreciation of the military situation, appears most likely to grant success. The strategic plan itself must be an expression of the productive potential of the country. The military aim should preferably be single and one which at the time of its conception appears impossible. This account of his central doctrines, summary as it is, will perhaps serve as preface to a similarly brief statement of the author's appreciation of the military situation.

To a great extent, Colonel Garsia argues, the British effort is being unwisely expended because it envisages a British invasion of the Continent. He believes that Britain must, so far as the employment of land forces is concerned, remain upon the defensive within the Isles and upon the far-flung fronts elsewhere. Her offensive must be aerial, against German industry and transport, with principal attention to the latter, and against German morale, the most vulnerable part of the Reich's capacity for protracted struggle.

It is noteworthy that Colonel Garsia reached this conclusion before the Russian entry into the war. At that time, he concluded, the volume of German forces immobilized by the implied Russian threat, plus the necessities of repression, still left the Reich with forces very greatly exceeding those needed to inflict disaster upon any possible British Expeditionary Force. In a preface written in September, 1941, despite the new situation he sees no reason to doubt the continued truth of his earlier contention. If, taking note of the superb interior communications of Western Europe, one estimates the number of German divisions there situated as twenty, and if one puts the fully trained and equipped British divisions at the improbably high figure of forty, it becomes difficult to cast doubt upon Colonel Garsia's argument. The balance of forces appears to permit Hitler, to use the author's words, "to play for the double coup" of success in Russia and "yet another successful evacuation" of a BEF. Therefore, he contends, to Russia will necessarily fall the bulk of the land fighting. In Britain's case the blockade and "frontier resistance" elsewhere, with possible collaboration with the USSR in the Caucasus, will all be ancillary to the bombing of Germany. To the United States falls the completion of the maritime plan, control of the Far East and the problem of supplies to Britain and her ally.

This, one may concede, even in the event of full-scale American belligerence, is the most plausible, perhaps even the most reasonable of conceptions.

But there is a criticism of Colonel Garsia's central doctrine that can be offered. If, after the fall of France, Britain and the United States had accepted the automatic system, of pursuit of the one aim Colonel Garsia recommends—*i. e.*, victory by means of air raids—it might well have turned out that the combined resources of Britain and America could not have been adapted rapidly enough to the problem of Russian supplies. It is, one fears, a defect to be found in all "single-aim" conceptions. But whatever force be granted the above criticism, there can be no doubt that in "Planning the War" we have a most stimulating contribution to military and political thought about the war.

It is one of the ironies of this war that a doctrine mistakenly evolved for Italy by the overrated Douhet, has become the most plausible one for Britain. All denials to the contrary, including Colonel Sigaud's rebuttal in his useful summary of Douhet's doctrine, the Italian theorist did stake everything upon the air arm. Moreover, he was always thinking of the sudden blow as being more or less immediately and overwhelmingly successful. This is not the place to criticize the validity of the doctrine for Italy. Colonel Sigaud is careful to warn against generalization of Douhet's doctrine, though it must be said that his warnings are perfunctorily expressed.

The author, however, utilizes the doctrine as support for his demand for an independent air force. Without that

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independence, he argues, there can neither be any real coördination of the three offensive (or defensive) arms in a unified conception of strategy, nor can full tactical use be made of the air force itself. Colonel Sigaud argues his case modestly enough, though he has not taken note that Britain is already on the way back from that independence of the RAF to which he attributes her successful resistance in 1940. Coördination is the essential. One must be careful not to advance the case for independence with that extravagance used in opposing it by Admiral Yarnell, in his preposterous assertions about the RAF. Probably the United States will need to grant more scope for initiative to its air forces than the recent modifications permit. One hardly believes that a discussion of Douhet's doctrine offers the best springboard for a consideration of the problem, however.

A better approach might be provided by some general discussion of the technique of modern war such as the series of lectures delivered by Captain Falls in January and February of 1941 and now presented in book form. The author, writing with the German campaigns of 1939 and 1940 in mind, and with his thorough training in military history (he was one of the official historians of the last World War), provides a lucid introduction for the lay reader.

One finds it impossible to say more than this, for there is a singular lack of power in the book. An instance of this lack of strenuousness is to be found in Captain Falls's allusions to the propaganda weapon. Germany uses it, Russia uses it, Britain also must use it. That is about all he says. The most interesting and useful section, to this reviewer, is the brief but excellent chapter on a neglected aspect of combat, mountain warfare.

RALPH BATES

The Word and the Sword

Language in Action, by S. I. Hayakawa. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 358 pages. $3.

THE STUDY of semantics, like the study of pure logic, is valuable in its contribution to the general store of world knowledge. But its application of laboratory methods to human foibles has led too many of its disciples into believing that if we have put a scientific tag on some universal weakness, we have done something about it, or to it. Actually, the analysis by departments and subdepartments of that which is almost an instinctive knowledge with the intelligent man, not to say the poet, can do no more to change the great working majorities of the world than all the centuries' study of pure logic has done to make them think logically.

The semanticist brings salve for the wounds of the intelligent man. In the case of the writing but amateur scientist (Stuart Chase, Thurman Arnold), he has been able to bring this comfort with eloquence and indignation, which makes for good general reading, hence a wider public for the particular book. But we must know damn well that actual reform is still at zero, and the old wagon is bumping right along as always, with the pitchmen of government and the press still getting the public to step right up. (Of course everyone *knows* he ought not to play poker with strange men, but you see, it was this way. . . .)

S. I. Hayakawa's book is a primer on the subject, at times painfully so in the parts of those veteran actors, Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith. But he speaks with patience and a ready intelligence of the function of language, its use and misuse, the laws of double-intention and result by which it may be and should be analyzed. He invites us, as a sort of freshman class in the subject as such, to limber up our perceptions with the provided exercises and even "readings." Good enough. With as little recourse as possible to such necessary but essentially meaningless phrases as "the multivalued orientation," he brings the obscure and ancient wisdom of this new field down to the level of the straight talk a lay intelligence can tolerate and possibly profit by.

The book will be digested and the system will be felt improved, for it is the book of some month or other. But I cannot help feeling that its position of halfway between a shaky science and snake-oil is pleasant reading but futile. Who is to teach us to examine sternly the easy evasion, the conventional falsehood, the high misleading in speech, if he starts his own bid for attention with talk about the evils surrounding us which it is the intention, or the hope, or the humble purpose, of this book to mitigate or combat? Translated into the exact semantic, all such deep tones become nothing more than a nervous afterthought to the main thought, which any writer must know comes out thus: "It is the intent of this book to be an expression of the author's ego which will be a book carrying his name, published and well received and read by somebody." And in his own field he thumps the tub. Pointing to the alarming modern downgrade in things general, he says that if language "finally becomes as meaningless as the politicians would make it, coöperation will not be able to continue, and society itself will fall apart." Or, language will make a decent woman of her yet.

The groundwork of such an advanced subject is in the relation of alphabet to spelling, grammar to rhetoric, Fowler's "Modern English Usage" to fine writing. But as we progress from what can be learned by rote toward that which is only partly capturable, the discipline must become more that of the voluntary will and conscious eager mind. Thus any semantics teacher who keeps tripping over his own ferrule must either be not heard at all or pass into the unselective bedside reading of, say, "The Art of Thinking with Butter." If the poetry and pertinence of our colloquial heritage are so far from him that he can give us as a racy example of endearment the phrase: "Oh, dear, what a cute baby!" we will not be thinking of any language in action. If as a professor of the logical in speech and thinking he helps us over the bumps with faulty analogies, oversimplifications (for example, his up-in-the-air sections on dictionary making and taboo-words) and things left out through haste or pure unknowledgeableness, we will find him harder to read than to trip up. Example: "The human nervous system . . . understands *no necessary connection* between the symbol and the thing for which the symbol stands. Human beings do not automatically jump up in the expectation of being fed whenever they hear an ice-box door slam." Or a dinner-bell ring? And what, symbolically, has given rise to such terms as "makes my mouth water," "gives me gooseflesh"? Elsewhere he shows how his favorite chimpanzee is not human because if he is trained to stop at a [symbol, of course] red light, he puts on the brakes even if he is half across the street. How many human chimps hit the pedal every day before the trained nervous

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reaction has had time to get corrected by the control room?

Then there is such right-pew-but-the-wrong-church stuff as his illustration of a point with Englishmen abroad who begin to shout louder when they are not understood. "They feel, that is, that the symbol *must necessarily* call to mind the thing symbolized." Now: (1) a symbol is *not* a symbol unless it is accepted as intelligible to at least one person other than the one making it; (2) the same uncontrolled bafflement produces the same raising of voice by the same people in addressing deaf men. There is also the misunderstood process, too glib in the example: "It would be startling indeed if the word 'justice,' for example, were to have the same meaning to the nine Justices of the Supreme Court; we should get nothing but unanimous decisions."

The book is a short but fairly well rounded summary of essentials in the function of language, taken as a whole. That is, it breaks into main categories those various conflicting forces behind all forms of communication which we recognize but ordinarily just lunge at with some such vague phrase as "Yes, but that isn't what you *said*," or, "I don't *care* what you said; it's the way you *put* it." Mr. Hayakawa in his writing is pleasantly aware and contemporary; he has the implicit quiet humor of good sense (his open attempts to be funny and one-of-the-boys are self-conscious, peppered with arch quotation marks, and no fun). But I'm afraid the people who will feel most improved by his genial induction are those ladies who will go right out next day and knock another year off James Thurber's life with some new repetition of "I wasn't proving the reason is that a cat's eyes are *lower* than a man's eyes. All I said it's because a *man's* eyes are higher than a *cat's* eyes."

Any good novelist or poet or straight-out writer about things always seems to know actually more of the care and use of language, and how not to dull its effect by muddy construction and the heavily inexact use of words from which life escaped long ago—and thus finds less need to talk about it, and this is maybe a pity. If a primer about language is necessary as being a corrective to the generally uncorrectable, it should be done by a writer, perhaps. In any event, the semanticist who becomes a writer, if only for the extent of a publishing season, has elected to live by the sword.

OTIS FERGUSON

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RALPH BATES is the author, among other books, of "Lean Men," but he says in a recent letter that he himself weighs 220 pounds.

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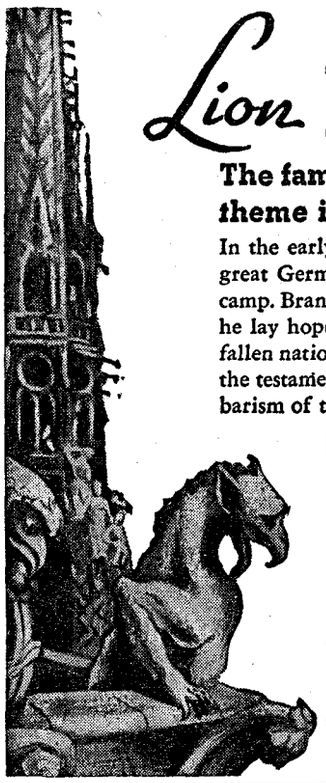

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December 8, 1941

Writers Under Thirty

Special Literary Section of New Writing

Essays, Short Stories, Poetry by Nineteen Contributors

Program for Victory

by Michael Straight

What Next in Asia?

Editorial

FIFTEEN CENTS

IN TWO PARTS: PART ONE

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Something like a Star...

OLD AS MAN is the admonition, "Hitch your wagon to a star"; young as a child is the impulse "To wish upon a star." For all men, in all time, a star has been the bright kindling point for dreams, fixed moment in time and eternity, beacon in the night and promise of the day to come.

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